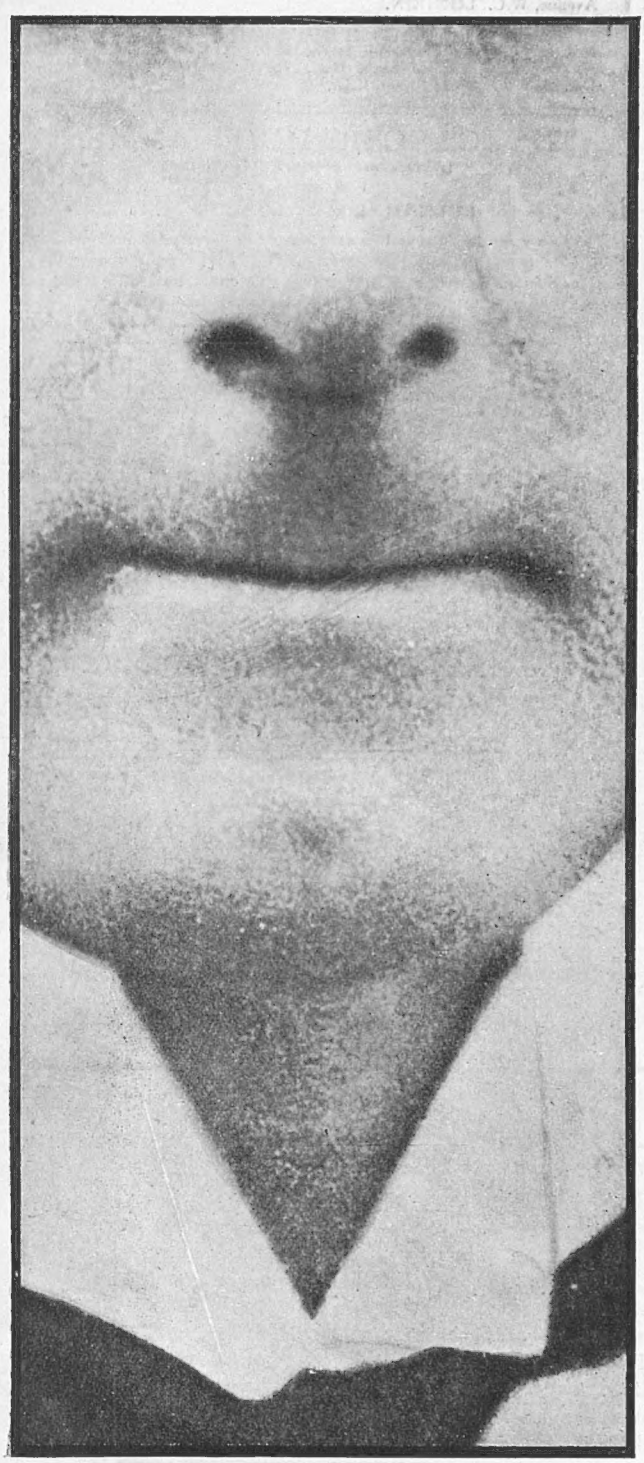
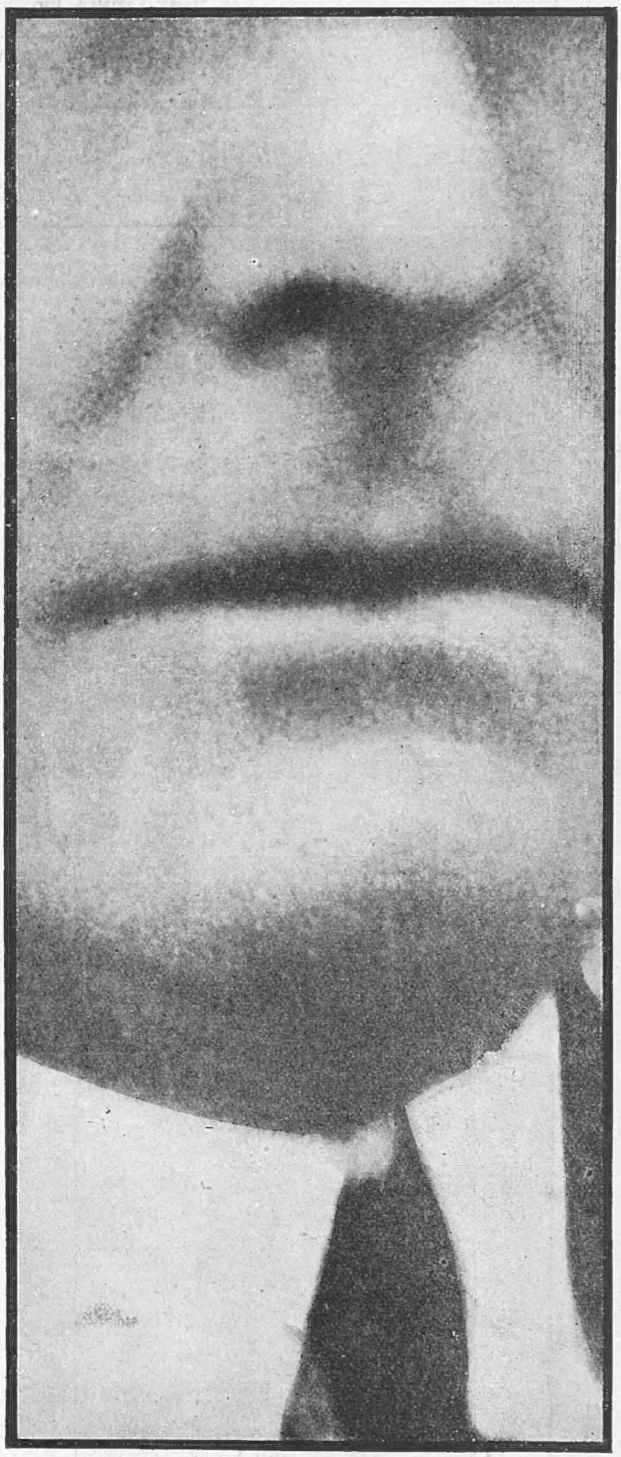
The Bystander December 6, 1916.—No. 679. Vol. LII

The BYSTANDER





CHIN-CHIN!

And "some" Chins at that. The sort of British Bulldog Chin that's going to win this war. The first is that of Sir John Jellicoe, the new First Sea Lord; and the second that of Sir David Beatty, the new C.-in-C. of the Grand Fleet. So, Chin-Chin, go in and win!

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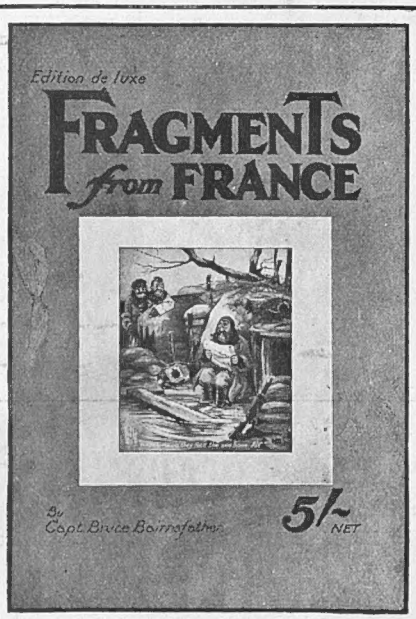

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BYSTANDER WAR COMMENTS

Admiralty—

We're getting on. The shuffle at the Admiralty looks uncommonly like dawning realisation in the Government that we are at war. One of the first principles of that condition is to have fighting men in fighting jobs, and to let the theorists go to—Greenwich.

—Changes

Sir John Jellicoe is a fighting man, good and hard. The First Sea Lordship, whatever it may be in peace, is in war pre-eminently a fighting job; and with the one fitted into the other and sharpened into Beatty at the spike the Navy should be, to adapt the song, "All dressed up and somewhere to go."

Conundrums for Posterity

It's no use crying over spilt months; and the months that saw at the Admiralty first a fighting Sea Lord overtopped with an amateur limelight man, and then a genial philosopher superimposed on a renowned expert in wireless without any very great active service experience have safely (more or less) passed into the catalogue of those conundrums which future generations, pondering them, will have to solve in their labours to discover how the dickens we ever won the war.

The Pigeon-Hole Outlook

Of course, those future generations (heirs alike of our greatness and of our National Debt) will begin to see glimmers of light when, as in this Admiralty example, their history books reveal to them the Government's slow awakening to the fact that we are at war and that war is not the same as peace: not a bit like it, really. Ministers, hatched in pigeon-holes, swaddled in red-tape, and short-frocked into Blue Books, persist in thinking that the speech is mightier than the sword and—well, for instance—

Calling the Called

—For instance, this campaign of oratory with which sundry members of the Cabinet are about to descend upon the public. It is a great Call to the Country; and of all the futile confessions of incompetency a call to the country (which has been calling, howling, bawling to the Cabinet for months past) at this hour of the day is about the most pitiable one can imagine. Things being what they are—the country not only ready to sacrifice its last ounce, but in the position of jolly well having to do so if it's told whether it wants to or not—the spectacle of Ministers calling on the country is as if a battleship were just going into action and the captain's plan of fighting it were to go amongst his crew and say—

ADMIRAL DU FOURNET: "I don't care where you go with the donkey, but you must leave that cart behind"

"So Sorry to Ask You"

—"Men, I really must ask you, if you please, to fight very hard indeed. I say, men, you know, this is really an awfully serious affair. It really is. Yes, really. You will fight very hard indeed, won't you? Gunners—listen to me a minute, gunners—gunners, do please shoot quite straight. Quite. I assure you it's absolutely necessary. Stokers, you will stoke hard, won't you? Shovel after shovel; promise me you will. Thanks awfully, all of you, for listening to me. Of course we shall win. We must win, you know. No anxiety about that. We shall win all right—in time, of course, in time. Now I'm going back to my cabin, my cabin, my little Cabinet."

German Generosity

The Germans don't give away much, but it is for ever to be counted unto them for sheer goodness of heart that in the depths of our depression on Rumania's account they generously put their Zeppelins to the test of our "extraordinarily powerful" air defence and paid for it in the handsomest fashion. Even the little daylight raider who came to town on a plane was thrown in as a makeweight. Perhaps, after all, we have been a little too hasty in our execration of *Kultur*. It is an abominable thing when it is having affairs all its own way; but, mon, as my Scotch friends might say, it's grand the feeling it gives when one of our Flying Corps boys goes climbing up

(*Continued on page 514*)

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded from page 513)

into the night and sets fire to a chunk of it. Grander still when it's two chunks. Anything more grateful and comforting than the news of another Zeppelin down the war has not yet produced. Thanks, Kaiser, thanks.

The Proof of Bucharest

Someone in America has said of Rumania that she thought she was coming in for the dessert, but finds she's in the soup. You can say that kind of thing if you're too proud to fight. About the best the Allies can say of the Rumanian situation is that no one can ever accuse *them* of bullying the little nations. When Rumania threw in her lot with us did we dictate to her how she ought to conduct her campaign? Not a word. Did we send down hordes of our brutal soldiery in her direction? Not a horde. Did we presume in her affairs to the extent of getting up a big diversion push in Salonica? Not a shove. How dare anybody suggest such a thing? Look at Bucharest (or a few miles outside it) if you don't believe me.

"SAKI"
(the late H. M. Munro), who was killed in action last month; one of England's wittiest writers

"Those Russians"

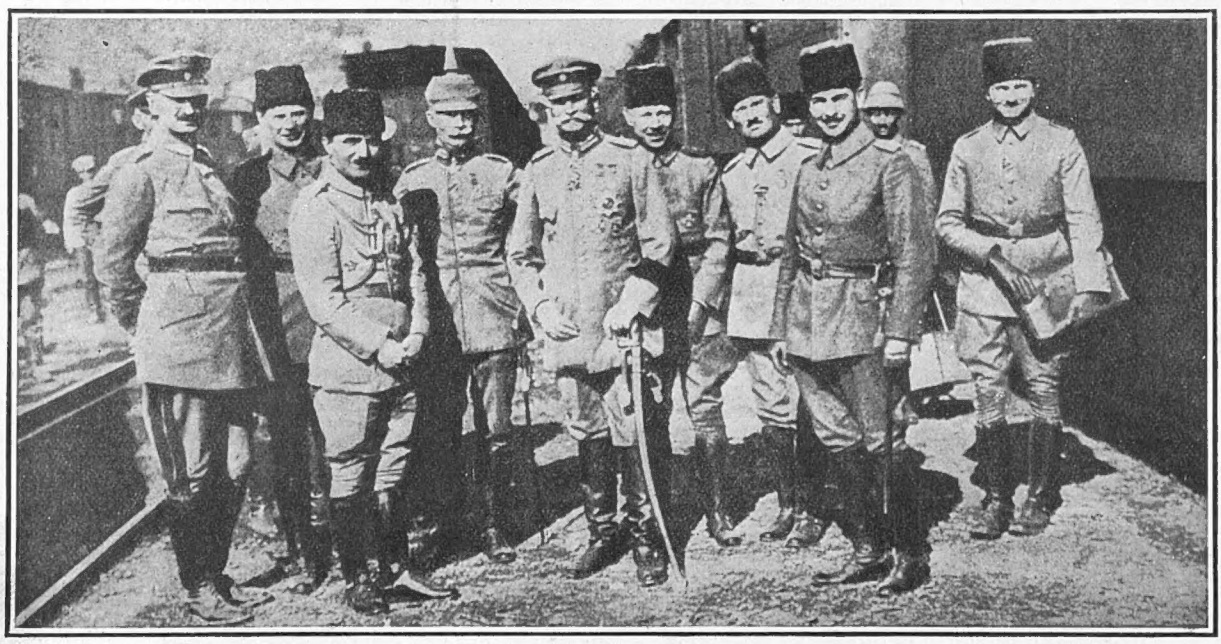
On the other hand, of course, look at the Russians. If the Russians break through the Carpathian Passes and go surging down into the Hungarian plains the Falkenhayn-Mackensen combination may be depended upon to hasten back out of Wallachia a sight quicker than they went into it. "Those Russians" have been our standby all through the war. If they didn't turn up in London or elsewhere where they have been expected, let us remember that alone of the Allies they have invaded enemy territory in comprehensive degree; and that the vital stroke of the war may well prove to be *caviare*—to the Prussians.

The Kaiser's Cold

People are sceptical about that cold of the Kaiser which forced him to leave Vienna without staying the night and without attending the funeral of Francis Joseph, which was the sole purpose of his visit. To disbelieve the cold is not only unkind, but quite opposed to medical teaching. It is notorious that nothing is so conducive to cold-taking as a hot atmosphere, and I can well believe that feeling in Vienna was much too warm for the All-Highest.

"Saki"

"I always quoted him as one of the heroes of the war," wrote the Commanding Officer of the 22nd Royal Fusiliers in a letter telling of the gallant death of Lance-Sergeant H. H. Munro, whom many readers of THE BYSTANDER knew better under his pen-name of "Saki." His genius for fanciful invention and his wit used to make us forget our troubles and compel the most gloomy to smile. And perhaps his tales, brilliant butterflies of literature, gave some the impression that he went through life lightly, mocking at it and at us. We, who knew him, realised that the man who was the wittiest writer of the period was intensely in earnest, and that the man who satirised the follies of his contemporaries with an air of charming frivolity was as tender-hearted as a child. When the war broke out he became stern. He was over age, but enlisted in the 2nd King Edward's Horse, afterwards exchanging into the 22nd Royal Fusiliers, refusing to take a commission. It was on November 14, in "No Man's Land," that he was shot through the head. His work will live; but it is in the self-sacrifice of the last two years and in his glorious death that the real "Saki," known only to his closest friends, is revealed to all.



WHEN TURK MEETS GERMAN

An interesting photograph of two men who count for much amongst our enemies: Enver Pasha, who looks remarkably well and cheerful considering the number of times he has been assassinated, is seen on the left centre of the group, and Field Marshal von Mackensen, to whom he was paying a visit, in the centre. But let Enver bear in mind the ultimate fate of the Young Lady of Riga!

Eminently Reassuring

ROBERTA CECILIA (with effusive devotion): "I will never, never desert you, Mr. Venizelos!"

A Whimsical Diary

BY WILL OF THE WISPSHIRES

[NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—*Our contributor is an ex-philosopher about Town, of mature years, who has recently joined the forces.*]

PAUSING to cross Piccadilly was attracted by particularly useful cut of a young man's mufti. He turned and nodded. Wondered which scion of the nobility he might be, when suddenly came over me visions of Bishopsgate Street Without in peace-time. It was no scion of nobility, only an ex-scion of bank-clerkdom, but smartened out of all recognition. He used to cash my cheques at the Head Office, and now, *viâ* the Somme, he had come to Savile Row. Asked him what of it, and got the usual Somme answer. Told me his thoughts were principally devoted to after-the-war, what he was going to do. Back to the bank? Not something likely. From the Somme, *viâ* Savile Row, to Bishopsgate Street Without is the longest of long ways. He will either apply for a "commission in the Regulars, or——."

❋ ❋

WELL, that was the problem. What? In old days I used sometimes, in these columns, to speak of the public schoolman on coming down, as a beautifully polished round peg in a square hole. It wasn't that he was unfitted for his work. It was that his work was unfitted for him. I rather think this problem is going to be intensified after the war. These boys have learnt to dress as well as fight. It will be a scandal to send them back to their banks.

BUT what to do with them? I fear the only possible thing will be to keep up, for them, a big standing Army, which is just what Lloyd George and some others told us we were going to war to save ourselves from having. But of one thing I'm certain—the British Standing Army will be as different, after the war, from the Prussian as chalk is from cheese. It will be the antithesis of Zabern. The Somme has produced a type of Englishman that all the world will fall in love with—clean, well-mannered, and witty.

❋ ❋

BUT what is the world going to do with the like of my ex-bank clerk? He will never, never again be a slave of the desk, the pen, the ledger and the office clock; the teashop, the suburban train, and the local dance or tennis-party. "Leave" has brought him into the centre of things, and he has caught the easy manner that formerly belonged to the classes alone. Nobody troubles where he was before the war, or what were his people. It is merely a question of what push he was in, and if it was a big or a decent-sized push; that is the only passport to social recognition, But some of the comfortable old political gentlemen ought really to be thinking out a scheme to provide suitable civil shrines for the devotions of these youths.

❋ ❋

NOW WE SHAN'T BE LONG!

AT the club struck quite the deepest seam of pessimism of late months. Positively nothing and nobody was exempted from conscription in the legions of the damned. Men whose names used to be household words, synonyms for all that was forceful and efficient, have now gone clean out of the betting. The demand is all for a Dictator, and there are two candidates in the running—men whose names were anathema to these same pessimists a year ago. The trouble will be which? At the moment, Dictator No. 1 is pushing Dictator No. 2 for the first place. It is an old dodge of Dictator No. 1 when he has found himself up against a dangerous rival. Push him gently into the limelight a *leetle* before he is quite made up for the part, and before he has quite learned his lines. Greet him with the frantic applause of a well-organised *claque*, and then watch him mess up the whole show, leaving yourself, by general consent, as the only possible. It's the yarn of the Nancy Bell over again, with someone who shall be nameless as the cook, who, having swallowed the whole of the crew save the boatswain, said:

"For this you see, you can't cook me,
But I can, and I will, cook you."

It will be a great day in British history when the process is completed. May I be spared to hear the squeals. "W. O. W."

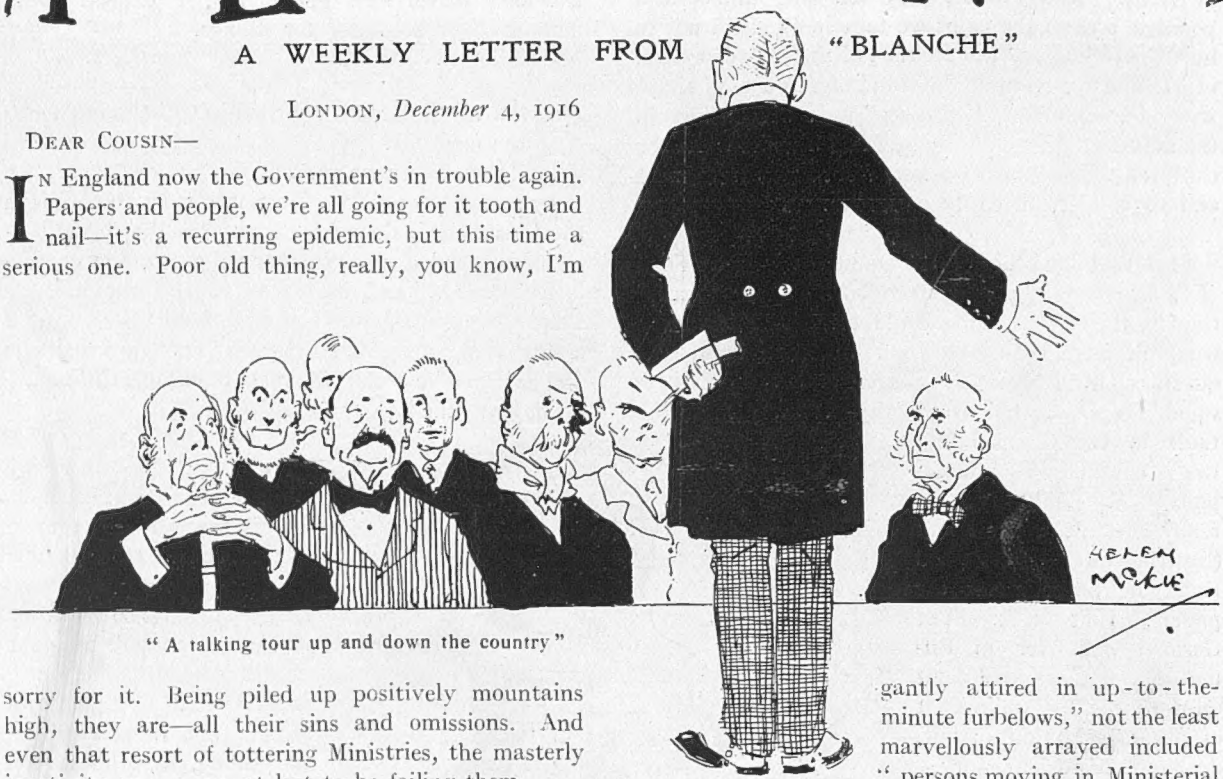
"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHE"

LONDON, *December* 4, 1916

DEAR COUSIN—

IN England now the Government's in trouble again. Papers and people, we're all going for it tooth and nail—it's a recurring epidemic, but this time a serious one. Poor old thing, really, you know, I'm sorry for it. Being piled up positively mountains high, they are—all their sins and omissions. And even that resort of tottering Ministries, the masterly inactivity one, seems at last to be failing them.



"A talking tour up and down the country"

⁂ ⁂

NOT that they need sympathy—I mean, that's why politics is so jolly, isn't it? It's almost the only profession in which you can't get punished whatever you do, or don't do. *Au contraire*, there's generally a pension going. And a People's Government can save a bit on its screw, can't it? Of course, it doesn't have to "entertain" or indulge in riotous living or keep up establishments, does it?

⁂ ⁂

THOUGH of this particular crowd of democratic administrators that's the amusing part, of course. They represent the people, and they're of the people, but, dear me, no great Tory aristocrat enthroned in his ancestral halls was ever further removed in all the essentials from the dull, unleavened lump of the mere monotonous masses.

⁂ ⁂

YOU see, over the real territorial Tory they've always had one pull—intelligence; and that, as someone's said, is a middle-class asset; it is the suburban substitute for inheritance. And so they've become leaders of the "Smart Set," the set where you must have either brains or beauty, and are amongst its most shining lights. So much so, in fact, that one Tory M.P.'s been writing to the *Post* about it.

⁂ ⁂

LOOKS, he says, like Nero fiddling while Rome's burning that at such a time such an atmosphere of frivolity should pervade certain Cabinet circles. At the smartest first night of the autumn season an ultra-smart audience that included all the Embassies' young men and "ladies extravagantly attired in up-to-the-minute furbelows," not the least marvellously arrayed included "persons moving in Ministerial circles and not unrelated to Cabinet Ministers."

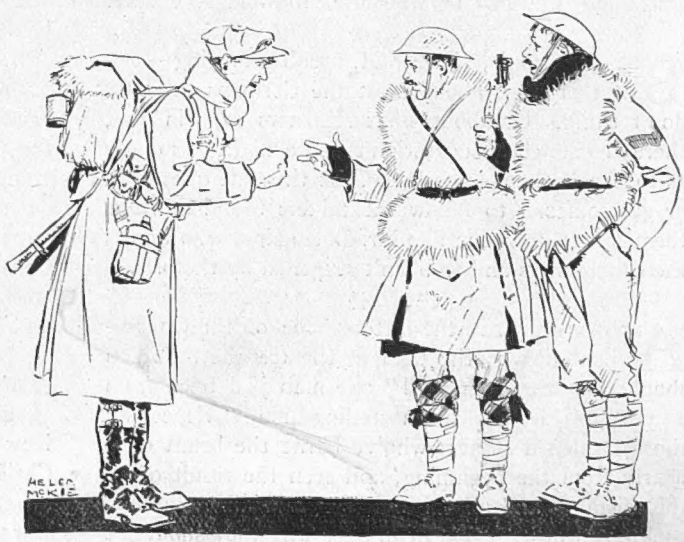
⁂ ⁂

SHOWS they're not worrying, anyway, doesn't it? Or, perhaps, they know they've a bit outstayed their welcome and are making hay while the sun shines. Eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we—go out. Any day the worm may turn. Really, though, if they weren't those peculiar people, politicians, they might be feeling, perhaps, just a tiny bit sad about it, mightn't they? They've done their best, no doubt; on the whole, you know, man generally does do his best, doesn't he? But the political best isn't *quite* good enough, anyway for war-time.

⁂ ⁂

A FAIRLY full list to live—or, rather, to talk-down, isn't it? Man (and woman) power—after more than two years of a perfectly deadly war, still to be

(*Continued on page 518*)



"They know what to vote for without any speeches"

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (*continued from page 517*)

seriously tackled. The Blockade—well, that's the most priceless jest of the lot (from the enemy's point of view). And France, they tell me, thinks it a positive scream the pains we take in England not to hurt the feelings, or the pockets, of the poor dear Hun in our midst. Even at the front there's a tale, and a true one, of how our "resting" men bivouacked in the mud and slush on bully beef and biscuits while the captured Boches near by were feasting on fresh meat and vegetables, all cosily under canvas.

* *

And that's another of the counts—the great Food Problem. Only just officially "recognised," though the veriest babe could have told 'em 1914 wouldn't have been too soon to start upon the question. And the Air Services and their little squabbles about who's who and what's what, and the raids in the Channel that the charmingly philosophical A. J. B. says we really mustn't worry about (by the way, a *very* good thing he never reads the papers, isn't it?). The German walk-over in Rumania's another small point on the *tapis*, and quite a lot of other little things; but, dear me! it's a long story.

* *

One that certainly wants some explaining. But, all the same, it's thought to be just a little dangerous—if they really don't want to leave us—this very latest Ministerial scheme for a talking tour up and down the country. In the House, of course, they're pretty safe—the P.M.'s so awfully clever and adroit and such a master of the game, and Members, on the whole, are a lamblike lot, dreadfully afraid, naturally, of bucking-up the enemy by criticising the people who are running the war.

* *

But the people, I'm afraid, aren't worrying much at this stage about what the Germans think or don't think. Or about what Ministers say; in fact, there's even been a suggestion that we might be so rude as to heckle them—you know, ask tiresome questions, or get someone to follow the talkers round and ask them for us, someone like Mr. Bottomley, who knows their little ways and who isn't stupefied by rhetoric.

* *

Apropos they say the bitterest foe of the Government now is the man in the trenches. "You should *hear* the Tommies!" one man just back from a year of it has been telling me "Especially those hardened sinners who've borne the brunt of it nearly from the beginning, and seen the result of all the mistakes and all the bungling and all the unfortunate rest of it." *They* can't see why they shouldn't have votes out there, either. As they say, they know what to vote for without any speeches. Downing Street can guess, too, I expect. And perhaps that accounts for things.

* *

Over here, of course, the subject of the moment's the food one. We're all eating just the same as we were whenever we get the chance—eggs excepted. They're nearly as dear as Russian *caviare* now, though that's as much in demand as ever, or so the restaurant-manager people say. Whether out of greed or compliment to our Allies I leave it to you. But stories are simply flying about of food tickets all ready printed and what the new Dinner Dictator's got up his sleeve, and how they're even thinking of abolishing Christmas, or, at least, the important part of it.

* *

"In night club circles"

I wonder. It's their very religion to some people, isn't it, that Christmas gorge. Why, even in these days I know of several women skimping things so that they and theirs mayn't miss the proper ritual of this once-pagan festival—that irresistible but deceptive bird, the turkey, with his several accompaniments; that fatally attractive atrocity the Christmas pudding; and those insidious monsters mince-pies, which do their Yuletide bit so bravely in the way of requiring such *heaps* of the very best three stars properly to digest them.

* *

So English I always think, you know, the way we insist on regarding Christmas as the festival of festivals when really it takes a back seat in ecclesiastical importance compared with Easter or Whitsuntide; and Augustine positively refused to recognise it—as being of no apostolic origin. And what's more amusing still, it really originated, I suppose, in the old Roman Saturnalia—which was a general time of revelry and license to celebrate the passing of the shortest day of the year. The Roman Christian converts weren't going to be done out of one of their "Bank Holidays," naturally. Hence Christmas, which, by the way, is largely composed of foreign elements. The Prince Consort, as everyone knows, introduced the Christmas tree into England from Germany, and the Yule log and the mistletoe come from Spain.

* *

It's really a relief, isn't it, that Mr. McKenna's, anyway, put his foot down on the Christmas and New Year high jinks at the restaurants and night clubs. Christmas comes but once a year, as we all know, but all the same—well, there's a limit to incongruity in war time at these places, even on such special occasions.

(*Continued on page 520*)

The Red Cross in Lake-land

Photograph *Veronde*

MRS. EVERARD LAMB

Of whom this is a beautiful portrait, has turned her lovely Cumberland home into a Red Cross Hospital for fifty beds. She manages her nursing staff herself; and happy is the wounded man whom the fortune of war sends northward to this splendidly-run hospital

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (*concluded from page* 518)

Ragtime can be very "crude," we know, on quite ordinary Sunday nights. How far the "crudity" would have gone to celebrate the coming in of another year of war we shan't know now, since the horrid old authorities refused to extend the licence. But I'm told they're awfully sick about it in night club circles.

⁂ ⁂

MEANTIME there's a perfect *push* of charity shows in London now. Fairs, fêtes, sales, bazaars, *cafés chantants*, matinées, concerts, bridge tournaments, flag days, etc., etc., etc. Minor Royalties are quite busy "opening" things and buying atrocities, as usual, thereat before they speed home to tea behind those spanking "pairs," which only seem to proceed nowadays from minor Royalties' stables. And the American colony is to show us how these things should be done in a monster matinée, American artists and organisers only, at the Palace next week.

⁂ ⁂

SO we'll hope the old Government won't start in quite just yet with "organising the women" for munitions and canteens and the rest of it. Take the charity show ladies right out of their stride, wouldn't it, if they had to be at the factory next morning at eight o'clock, sharp? And also, how dreadfully tiring. Selling pincushions is very fatiguing, but it *does* leave you strong enough to dress and dine and go to the Aldwych and dance. A bath and bed is about all the evening's amusement the other war-workers ever seem really to crave for.

⁂ ⁂

"APRIL'S LONELY SOLDIER" is a new thing in books, and a quite extraordinarily delightful one. Education's its great theme, but betwixt and between it chats with vast allure about the books we're all reading and the plays we are seeing and the authors who are writing—even "Blanche." And amongst these last I think I must quote—as an epitaph—what he says of "Saki," who was Hector Munro, an old "Stander-By," and as charming a man as a writer. "There's no one like him in the whole world for making one forget pain." Now he has forgotten pain himself:

> From the contagion of the world's slow strain
> He is secure, and now can never mourn
> A heart grown cold. . . .

He fell, in the ranks, for England, so one may not say "Oh, the bitter waste!" But war is *very* cruel.

⁂ ⁂

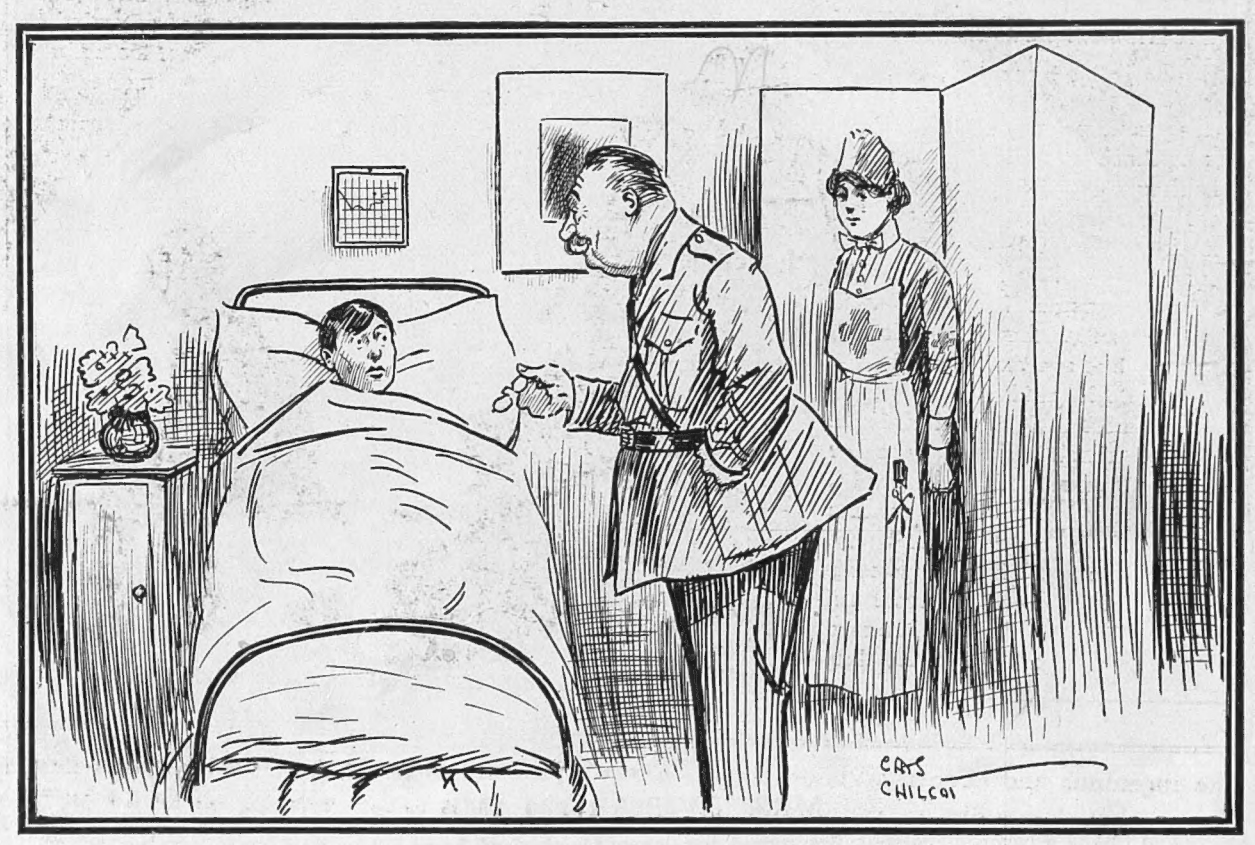
APROPOS, what a strange, mixed, funny old world it is, isn't it? Never dull whatever happens because its so full of human beings, and a human being's the warp and woof of everything that matters, and of never failing interest and attraction if only for the different points of view. Of which last I, you know, get plenty, and here's the very latest, which comes, I confess, with a bit of a jar after all the awfully nice things that all the awfully nice men say about my letter. *Their* only complaint is that sometimes I'm not so cheerful as I might be about—well, the war and all that.

⁂ ⁂

BUT from a member of the gentler sex comes a complaint of my "frivolity," and a query—"*Is* this a time for sarcasm when one sees around one every day self-sacrifice and devotion?" With this valediction—"Indeed it is true that there is need for our National Mission when such as the letters of Blanche are included in our current literature!"

It *is* a funny world, isn't it?

With love, yours ever, BLANCHE



NOTHING IN IT

DOCTOR: "Have you had any nourishment to-day, my lad?"
TOMMY: "Yus, sir, nurse give me a bit of glass to suck this morning"

"This Desirable Residence—"

The ingenious and adaptable house agent, never at a loss, converts the changes which two years have wrought in the conditions of Zeppelin raids to the uses of his business

The World War through a Woman's Eyes

BY ROSAMOND BOULTBEE

A GLANCE AT CANADA

WHAT a pity it is that we cannot get through this war without politics! Someone said recently that here in England there are no politics; there's just a Government! The two seem analagous, however. But the Colonies, with their Hugheses, seem to be the very epitomes of politics. Surely this, after the courage the overseas forces have shown, is the one point of weakness in the self-governing Dominions.

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR SAMUEL HUGHES, otherwise known to Canadians as "General Sam," proved himself in the South African War to be a good soldier and a man of splendid courage; but we have to go back to that war to see wherein really lies his weakness in the present world campaign. General Sam, before he became a politician, was a school-teacher in Ontario. When the South African War broke out he at once volunteered to fight; but among the powers that be at Ottawa at that time Sir Sam was not popular. He could not get a commission. However, he went out to South Africa on his own, got into a battalion, and proved himself to be a brave man. When the Conservative Party came into power in 1911 Sir Sam got the Ministerial portfolio that he relinquished a week or two ago. He was the man to whom everyone in Canada had to look to in August, 1914, when Canada declared herself to be an integral part of the British Empire.

THEN Sir Sam began to talk! What a pity! If he had resigned from the Government then and become an officer he would have gained a tremendous popularity in Canada. He has the vitality of a Hercules, so he dashed about Canada and over to England with an energy which left everyone aghast. Sir Sam could hardly be seen for the dust behind him. Canadians abused him, but to all calumnies he was superbly indifferent. And he made speeches, established camps — some completely perfect, such as the Valcartier one, near Quebec. But Sir Sam Hughes was a little inclined to get his own back on those who had ignored him previously. Regrettable, no doubt; but human nature is human nature all the world over —even in Canada!

M. STURMER

The Russian Premier and Foreign Secretary whose resignation has lately been announced

SO after two and a quarter years of hard work on Sir Sam's part, and the same period of opposition to his activities among the Canadians, Sir Sam has retired. What a big thing it would have been if he had forgotten all the injustices—no matter how unfair —of fifteen years ago and become a fighting soldier instead of a political one! But there is this to say in Sir Sam's favour. I have heard from every Canadian military officer in London that Sir Sam did care for, and sincerely worked for, the welfare of his men. And when this war is over and internal troubles forgotten, and Canadian heroism is alone enshrined in our memories, it's the name of Sam Hughes that will be associated with that efficiency. So, after all, Sir Sam is rather to be envied than otherwise

GIVING THE GERMANS A "KNOCK-OUT"

Georges Carpentier, the great boxer, who was recently decorated for valour, is here seen by a double-engined biplane in which, as an airman, he has done as fine work for his country as ever he did in the ring. Carpentier made a highly popular reappearance in Paris a short time ago, boxing three rounds in quite his old form

"Where Famine rears her grisly head" (?)

The Crown Princess of Germany, photographed at the Autumn Fruits Exhibition in Berlin, where she inspected the "harvest" shown in the lower picture

It seems almost a pity that the blockade of Germany is so effective as to prevent all these good things getting out! Unless, of course, the pictures are all a bit of German "bluff," and the "fruit" is dummy to the core!

WORLD WAR THROUGH A WOMAN'S EYES (concluded from page 522)

that his job is done, and that it was while he was Canadian Minister of Militia that the two battles of Ypres were fought.

⁂

But now that Sir George Perley is Minister of Militia for Canada in Europe is he still going to act as High Commissioner for Canada? Sir George Perley was Minister without portfolio in Canada at the time of Lord Strathcona's death. There has never been a definite appointment made since then, only a temporary one. Lord Strathcona was such a wealthy man that his place is hard to fill where the emolument is small. There are plenty of good men in Canada who would be suitable, but they have not the means to accept such a position. Now herein, again, comes politics, and I suppose, being a woman, my idea is a futile one, but why does not the Canadian Government forget political differences and appoint Sir Wilfred Laurier High Commissioner for Canada?

⁂

Sir Wilfred Laurier is now a man of well over seventy years of age, has a delightful personality, is a decided Imperialist, and is a great favourite in England. And, what's more, there was a time when I know that Sir Wilfred hankered after the High Commissionership; but he would not leave the "boys," as he called his political *confrères*. And although it is a mistaken policy to stick by one's men when the leader himself knows they are wrong, yet Sir Wilfred did commit that quixotic blunder. Since the separate school question was settled I don't believe that Sir Wilfred has been in sympathy with his party's views, neither on the Reciprocity issue, which lost power for him, nor on the question of Canada presenting ships to the British Navy. On both Sir Wilfred allowed himself to be a victim of his party.

⁂

Such arguments might leave me open to the accusation that I have Liberal sympathies. To which I can only answer as I did to Sir Wilfred Laurier himself when he accused me of being a Conservative: "To tell you the truth, Sir Wilfred," I said, "I'm not interested in politics, only in politicians, so that makes me a Liberal by fifty-four," which was their majority then. So my argument now makes me a Conservative in Canada. Of course, Sir Wilfred might not accept such an offer, as there does not seem to be another man to lead the Liberal party, and the Liberals feel the only man who could bring them back to power is Sir Wilfred; but that would not make it any the less efficacious a thing for the Conservatives to do—at least to make the offer.

⁂

By the way, I was told the other day that we are not to speak of "Colonials" any more. They must be either "Overseas Forces" or "Dominion Troops." This leaves one's mind open to much conjecture as how to classify people from the Colonies. For instance, what are the women? They cannot be "Dominion Troops," so they must necessarily be "Overseas Forces," mustn't they? And as to the men, I should think it depends on the friendship or the state of their credit how they should be classified. A soldier from Toronto or Tasmania might just be a "Dominion Troop" to the greeting of an old friend in the Strand; but surely a superior officer, who happened to be one's tailor at home, and to whom one's account is in debit, must arbitrarily constitute an "Overseas Force"!

Rosamond Boultbee

ON THE SERBO-BULGARIAN FRONT

A French observation balloon going up to ascertain the disposition of the enemy forces in the neighbourhood of Monastir, now again in the hands of the Allies. Lately one of these balloons was struck by lightning and set on fire, the observer making a perilous but successful descent by parachute between the opposing lines and regaining his own camp in safety amidst a storm of bullets

The Bystander in Paris

IN EXTREMIS

"WAR," said the Colonel, "has no room for sentiment." One of the subalterns exploded in laughter, pretended he was coughing, and the "Old Man" scowled at him, whereat the subaltern exploded again. There was evidently a story. And when the Colonel had limped away (he had been wounded on the Marne) I asked for explanations. "Next time the Old Man makes a remark of that kind," I was told, "just say the word 'Filseke,' and see what happens." They were a graceless lot of French boys, these young French officers, as merry and as full of fun as though each man were not a hero. Their manners were more English than French somehow, as those of the most modern generation of young French officers frequently are, and their affection for the gruff old Colonel was that of a crowd of nice boys for a favourite uncle.

⚜

"YES," said the youngster who had behaved so badly, "next time the Old Man tells you what a Boche he is, just murmur 'Filseke,' and see what happens." "What is it?" I said. "A password? A secret sign?" "It's a live bomb," said Adhémar. "A mine," said Gaston. "Something between a Gorgonzola cheese and a mitrailleuse," said Boubouroche. "Unless somebody tells me what it is I shan't risk it," said I. "Why, *mon* idiotic ass," said Adhémar, who has been in England and is proud of his English, "'Filseke' is merely Flemish. It is what you call 'Sonny' in English." "And why should that make the Colonel angry?" I asked. "*Ah, voilà!*" they all said together. "The old man did lapse into sentiment once, you see," said Adhémar, "and we happened to hear of it. It began nearly two years ago, quite early in the war, during the retreat.

"They christened him 'Filseke' and adopted him as a mascot"

"AS far as we could find out afterwards, the little chap had run away from his home in Mons some time before the Germans got there, and while our fellows were passing through. Anyhow, it was at Mons that he climbed into a carriage in the station with some of our men and refused to get out again. He was about fifteen, a jolly youngster, and the sergeant, who was in a good temper that day because of a couple of chickens he had 'found,' took him along. His broad accent amused the men, and his determination to be a French soldier, and they christened him 'Filseke,' and adopted him as a mascot. They dressed him up in a uniform, and it was quite a long time, and he was quite a little soldier, before the Old Man found him. He was furiously angry, for the retreat from Mons was not exactly a picnic for a child. But the Colonel wouldn't hear of his remaining with us, and although the boy begged to be allowed to stay, and said that he wanted to fight with us, the Old Man sent him to Paris."

⚜

"IS that all?" I asked. "No," said Adhémar. "The rest of the story is like an Ambigu melodrama. There was a bad egg in the regiment, a man called Dubois, whom nobody liked. He was a dirty soldier and a sulky one. He made no pals. But he was plucky. When we got into the trenches he was always volunteering for dangerous work, and he was a wonderful sniper. One day, too, he saved the Old Man's life, and that was the end of him. The Old Man caught his foot in some barbed wire and fell awkwardly, breaking his leg. You've noticed how he limps. The Boches were straffing us pretty severely just then, but even before volunteers were called for to fetch the Old Man in, Dubois had crawled out of

"Dubois, whom nobody liked"

(Continued on page 830)

"By Enemies Oppressed"

This striking official photograph of a ruined church at Verbeni, on the Salonica front, shows the reckless havoc caused by the Bulgarian artillery, to whom nothing is sacred. But the symbol of the Cross still shows above the shell-torn doorway,—and "the day will not be long"

Liaison Letters from John to Jacques

"CINEMANIA"

A NEW malady has descended upon us, Jacques, an infection caught chiefly in the foetid atmosphere of war. It is known to some as "Cinemania." Although fashionable (all the best people catch it), it is not altogether a new disease, since it was discovered by a skilful American years back, even before we began to prattle about "annihilating the whole Germanic race," and rubbish of that sort.

⁂ ⁂

BUT the cinema habit is a habit, like the Caporal cigarette, which grows upon you. I speak feelingly, because I attracted the germ in your beautiful city, have recently had a relapse, and am not yet out of danger. The deeper you delve into the mysteries surrounding the industry of cinema plays the more fearful and wonderful you find them. I had thoughts of going on to the cinema stage myself after the war, as I shall by then be completely bankrupt; and so I dipped a little below the surface of things during my last leave with this end in view. I learned much. I learned, *inter alia*, that to be a really successful cinema actor—I mean a person about whom managements say "featuring John Suchandsuch"—you must be able either to (*a*) ride a restive horse over broken ground in the dark; (*b*) climb a steeple with one arm in a sling; (*c*) exceed the speed-limit on a motor-bicycle over the edge of the Brighton Pier into a rough sea; or (*d*) fall gracefully, and with disdainful smile, from the roof of a burning celluloid factory. Of course, if you can do all four (some men can) you command "big money," as we say in the profession. The only alternative to the foregoing accomplishments is that you should be endowed by nature with a grotesque stature, a profundity of facial expression, a pair of feet which appear to wander in opposite directions, and an infinite capacity for receiving (always with an inane smile) repeated buffetings in the face from the second lead. If you are built like this, American millionaire promoters will sell their railroad stock in huge lumps to pay for your contracts. But *le bon Dieu* gives these traits to the few only.

⁂ ⁂

BUT seriously, though, *mon vieux*, have you ever pondered, while sitting in your shilling seat, on the psychology of the cinema? It fills great gaps in life. The gaps which come unexpectedly and tragically upon us; the gap when it is too late for one appointment and too early for the next; the gap when, perhaps by the poignancy of personal loss, the bottom has dropped suddenly out of your little world. It fills up the hollows, also, in the lives of the great pulse-beating *bourgeoisie*. And it is upon *them* that the stress of one's thoughts are laid. Take the Super-Super-Cinema in Mayfair any night of the seven; or the Very Littlest Picture Palace in the Camberwell New Road. I know both. They are sisters, in that they hold in the gloom of their four walls the same stories. And their stories are not flickering on the screen, but below, in the plush tip-up stalls. In the Camberwell cinema here are two—just over there, in the middle. The hissing searchlight ray from the apparatus in rear hesitates for a moment on the edge of her hair as a fresh film goes on to the machine. Her head is low down, on his shoulder, in fact. He is "group 37," and has received his terse summons to "rejoin for service with the colours at 9 a.m. on ——," etc. But all those horrors of the Somme valley that the spool has just reeled off are a very long way away, so far and indefinable, in fact, that he lights another gold flake with a sigh of satisfaction and gropes for her hand again. She is content also, for here there is no need of speech, no glare of cold publicity; he enjoys it so, and she is with him; and it is warm, despite the hole in her boot, where the wet gets in. "To-morrow them third-floor rooms have got to be done out"; but to-morrow is—well, to-morrow; and Bert says it is only "getting on for nine" as yet. Ah, well!—and she nestles down again to the big five-part drama.

⁂ ⁂

THE Super-Super at the same hour. The cold statuesque face of a woman in the guinea box half hidden behind curtains. Her maid Céleste has given summary notice. "*Madame, je ne peux plus supporter . . .*," etc., etc. Tiresome woman: these good servants have always *vile* tempers; but it is maddening simply; not a woman to be had in London—all making munitions, ridiculous nonsense; ruination to their hands. Besides, it's the Red Cross ball on the 27th; and Jack will probably be home for *that* week—ugh; and she jerks back her furs angrily. The Rolls burst a tyre in the park this morning *just* before lunch. There were no taxis nearer than Harrods, the man had said; and it was simply coming down in *sheets*. At the recollection of the day she sighs the sigh of depressed womanhood, and leans forward. Venice on the screen, Venice in June, in natural colour. It was there that she and he had—why there's the same little seat outside the Danielli! That passing gondola *so* like theirs; and the same gondolier, slim and silent. The deep-blue of the narrow shimmering waterways; the grey-green walls; the stillness and romance. How it all comes back! It *was* Venice, this: wonderful. Then the picture flicked to the lakes; Como, Maggiore—all the places they had seen and loved, she especially. Little running streams in fawn-coloured rocks—the vivid, dancing sunlight; and the hidden orchestra playing Italian love songs on muted strings. She gazes, chin on hand—absorbed. The troubles of Céleste have gone. She is back in Italy, the Italy of her honeymoon, three years ago. . . .

So they have their uses, these cinemas, Jacques *mon ami, ne penses tu pas?*

Au revoir, JOHN

Going to be Accepted

WOMAN POWER IN TALLIS STREET

What we may expect to see when all —— !

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS

"Houp-la!" at St. Martin's Theatre

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

MR. CHARLES B. COCHRAN, in his ably written *Apologia* for "London's Newest Theatre," admits frankly that the St. Martin's is a *théâtre de luxe*, and that is why he charges a guinea for the stalls—including tax. The theatre is certainly the last word in tasteful decoration, with its rich walnut panelling everywhere and its olive-green upholstery. It has obviously been designed for people who like to be exclusive, and who can happily afford to indulge their preference in this respect. Still, even in a *théâtre de luxe*, the play's the thing, after all. At the first performance *Houp-là!* proved to be a nice restful entertainment, made up for the most part of refined fun and gentle music; and you got the impression that all the performers were trying to live up to the very correct taste of their luxurious surroundings, and had put on their best parlour manners accordingly.

❀

Houp-là! is not a revue. It is a comedy of circus life with music—and variations. As a comedy with music it contains the usual plot—that is to say, we have a hero and heroine who in the first act are parted for ever, to be happily reunited before the fall of the curtain, with the usual rosy prospect of living happily ever after. The hero, represented by Mr. Nat D. Ayer (who is also part composer), is a young man of good family who has fallen in love with a mere circus-rider, the same being the vivacious Miss Gertie Millar. Naturally, the hero's friends do what they can to prevent him from committing the rash act of matrimony he contemplates; but, naturally also, their well-meant machinations come to naught. Still, the plot does not really matter. We cannot be convinced by Miss Millar's tearful tiff with the young man, when a moment or so later she skips laughingly on to the stage in a tasteful variation of the costume of "Auguste," to sing the best song of the evening, "The Fool of the Family." This is a neat burlesque of the humour of the ordinary circus-clown, and in Miss Millar's hands it becomes quite a brilliant piece of work.

❀

ANOTHER song of outstanding merit is given by Mlle. Madeleine Choiseuille and chorus. The title is "L'Amour est Bon," and these are the words of the song as well. The words are sung over and over again with a fine frenzy to a tune that sounds as much like a peal of wedding bells as anything. There was an originality about the song that raised the audience to a high pitch of enthusiasm—though it is fair to add that all through the first night's performance the applause was generous and sustained. Even Miss Gertie Millar's frocks—marvels of taste and ingenuity—were received with cheers. As the hero, Mr. Nat. D. Ayer, is, perhaps, not quite assertive enough. His manner is suggestive of the good little boy who must not romp about because he has his Sunday clothes on.

The host of the evening is, unquestionably, Mr. George Graves as Marmaduke Bunn, the Business Manager of the Circus. Mr. Graves is to be seen at his best in this piece. Whether he is discoursing on the abstruse problem of "triple accumulators" or whether he is merely handing out worldly wisdom on the eternal subject of woman, Mr. Graves has the laughing audience in his hands completely; indeed, some of his quips are so good that I wished I had thought of them myself!

❀

THE usual environment of circus life affords plenty of opportunity for rich and beautiful costumes, of which the fullest advantage is taken. Mr. Cochran is obviously a manager of inexhaustible resource, and success is practically his *métier*. As for his unauthorised critics, was it not La Rochefoucauld who said something to the effect that old men give good advice when they are no longer able to set a bad example?

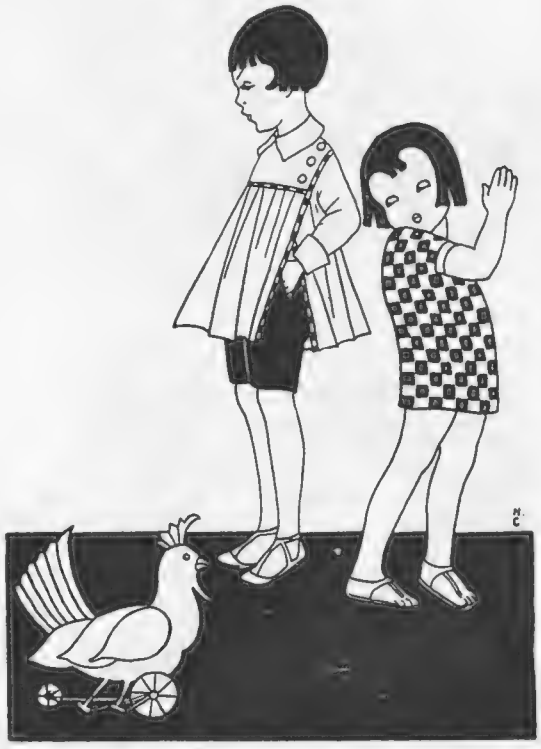
JINGLE

Birthdays and Holidays

BY "EFEMERA." *Illustrated by Hill Clarke*

The Tell-Tale Cake

THE gentleman who, in a moment of inspiration, said about things in general: "*Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose,*" was not altogether right. That, of course, is true of most generalisations. Birthdays and holidays are certainly no longer the same thing—at least, if one can place any reliance on tradition and the memories of one's own childhood. The peculiar charm of birthdays is bound to decrease as one advances in years, and the discretion of casting a veil of mystery over one's exact age is borne in upon one. Few of us, certainly no woman, would hail with anything like enthusiasm the guileless Teutonic custom of celebrating every birthday with a cake surrounded by a grove of candles, one for each year. To our eyes there is something indecent in the bare-faced exposure of so intimate a concern as a woman's age. As for the birthday candles, one might as well wear a birth certificate round one's neck and be done with it.



"Children look upon birthdays with something like condescending boredom"

The Decline of the Birthday

THE Latin custom of celebrating name-days with no impertinent reference to age would be far more to our taste. I wonder we have not adopted it. The convenience of such an arrangement is manifest. Perhaps we should adopt it if the birthday fervour had not so noticeably declined. Even children, to judge by their *blasé* airs, now look on birthdays with something like condescending boredom. They tolerate the sophisticated birthday parties given for them as an excuse for their elders to enjoy a good time. There is none of the fine, free, careless rapture that distinguished the juvenile party a generation ago.

Christmas Stockings

THE modern child displays but little *naïveté* and it is very rarely shy. It accepts the efforts made by frantic elders for its entertainment with resignation not untinctured by contempt. I doubt if any child nowadays would respond with a thrill of excitement and delicious embarrassment to so simple a diversion as banging, blindfolded, with a stick at a paper bag full of comfits suspended by a string, or would lie awake in a fever of impatience, waiting for the first streak of Christmas dawn to authorise the opening of the stocking hanging tantalisingly lumpy in the nursery fireplace.

Exit Father Christmas

THE modern child has no blissful faith in Father Christmas. It knows quite as well as you do where its presents come from. If you want to fathom all the amused scorn of which infancy is capable, pretend to a belief in the old gentleman, and see what sort of answer you get. Even the Christmas pantomime is criticised by its infantile spectators as severely as though they were hardened first-nighters of forty odd. The boy home from school expects his Christmas holiday to be a round of sophisticated amusements. Require him to provide his own entertainment, and he will feel himself not only slighted, but wronged. Home-made pleasures are little to his fancy. Playing about bores him; he wants to be taken to some show.

Babes and Sucklings

WHAT are the ancient glories of an iced cake and round games compared with an exhibition of conjuring tricks, a children's dance at a fashionable restaurant, or a performance at the theatre? The mite of six will callously inform you that he or she does not care for baby games, and will demand a more sophisticated form of amusement. Even the Christmas tree has lost its former glamour; it is merely a peg from which to pluck more presents. And then there is trouble if master or miss does not get exactly what he or she wants and expected.

(Continued on page 530)

BELLICOSITIES

To his Hungarian subjects the new Emperor is "Charles the First." Those of them who know their English history will be anxiously watching for signs of a tendency on their monarch's part to lose his head in critical times.

❋

An unfriendly critic describes the Emperor Charles as "a bigot and a Spiritualist." Probably he will not be required to moderate his bigotry; but he may find it anything but an easy matter, in the near future, to keep up his spirits.

❋

It is to be feared that the most alarmingly pessimistic of recent utterances must be credited to Sir William Robertson, who says we can only win the war "if we do the right thing at the right time."

❋

Owing to the fact that peroxide is being monopolised for munition purposes, the majority of our blondes are said to be quietly changing into brunettes. For the duration of the war they are patriotically adopting the famous *Westminster Gazette* prescription of "darkness and composure."

❋

The delightful euphemism which assures us that the German Crown Prince "has returned to Potsdam to resume his literary studies," is obviously intended to suggest that, in the privacy of the paternal home, he is being severely brought to book.

❋

Those plucky women shipwrights who have started work in the Bristol Channel yards are evidently setting themselves to prove, once for all, that there is nothing in the traditional nonsense that has hitherto been talked about "the weaker vessel."

❋

Whatever else may be said about the official dampers-down of our Yuletide festivities, no one, at any rate, can fairly accuse them of playing the Dickens with Christmas.

❋

The ox which Lord Northbourne once proposed to roast on the day that Mr. Lloyd George went out of office has been sold for a war charity. Lord Northbourne, it seems, changed his mind. It's perhaps as well. In these meatless days it would be wicked to let an ox die of old age.

❋

The suggestion that private members, speeches at Secret Sessions should only last ten minutes is too modest In our opinion private members ought not to attend Secret Sessions. As our dear old nurse used to say:—"Don't you ask no questions and you won't be told no lies."

❋

The Bishop of London says he he would be quite happy in two rooms, provided he could keep in personal touch with all the important men in England. Well, you could easily get Mr. Bottomley, Mr. Churchill, and General Smith-Dorrien into two rooms.

BUCOLIC BOUNTY

OFFICER: "Have you made your wife an allotment?"
RECRUIT: "Yes, sir, but I'm sorry to say the wet weather we've 'ad 'as spoilt most of the things"

An Old Tag with a Ne

"ACTRESSES WILL HAPPEN IN TH

lew (and Pretty) Face

Odds and Ends

IMPRESSIONS AT A FRENCH SEAPORT IN WAR TIME

Lieut. Watts transfers, for the moment, his attention from "Types they have in the Navy" to the contemplation of the types to be seen at a French seaport. Their war-time aspect differs, as will be seen, in many respects from their peace-time appearance

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS (concluded from page 528)

the trench, got him up on to his back, and got back again across the barbed wire with him. I don't know how he did it, and we never shall know, because as they pitched into the trench together on to the top of us Dubois stopped a bullet. He never spoke again, and the Old Man had fainted when he fell.

⁂

"Dubois lived for about an hour, and the only thing we found on him besides his pay-book was a little medallion with the photograph of a woman and a baby in it and a paper with a woman's name. There was no doubt about the photograph at all. Both the woman and the baby were too absurdly like 'Filseke' for anyone to have any reasonable doubt. We all questioned the boy, but he could not, or would not, tell us much. But when we showed him the picture his eyes glistened, and he sobbed out the one word '*Maman.*' That was enough for the Old Man. He found out where the woman was living. She was in Paris, having escaped from Mons. At the very first opportunity the boy was sent back to her. But 'Filseke' became very ill on the journey. The hardships he had undergone had made him very bad indeed, and when his mother met him at the station he was delirious, and there seemed little or no hope for him.

"Dubois got him on to his back"

⁂

Of course, we only heard all this a long time afterwards. The boy in his delirium always imagined himself to be with us again, talked about the fighting as though he were in it, and raved about the promotion which the men used to promise him in fun. The story of his mother was a tragedy. She was a Belgian girl, and Dubois was her husband. But he was a bad egg, and he had deserted his wife and child when 'Filseke' was a baby. She had lived hating him, and only for her son. The poor woman was frantic with grief now, for she saw 'Filseke' slipping away from her into No Man's Land. She sat by his bedside, listening to the child's feverish babble about shells and aeroplanes and scouting at night, and every now and again to his agonised cry that he could not die before he had won promotion.

⁂

"The doctor had been to see him, but had told the poor woman that there was little or no hope for 'Filseke,' and that all she could do was to ease his last moments. It was dark when the *concierge* came up and rapped at the door. 'It is a Colonel,' she said; 'he says he must see you.' 'Filseke's' mother neither knew nor cared what the visit might mean, and begged to be left alone with her grief, but the Colonel insisted. He was waiting outside in the passage, said the *concierge*. The mother went out to him. It was the Old Man. 'Madame,' he said, 'your husband saved my life at the price of his own.' 'I had no husband, monsieur,' she said, 'and my son——.' 'I know,' said the Old Man. 'I know. It was I who sent him back to you' 'To die,' said the woman.

⁂

"He's a fatherly old chap is the Old Man, and presently out there in the tiled passage of that sixth floor the poor woman was telling him of 'Filseke's' longing for recognition and how the child was babbling on his deathbed of the promotion which, he said, had been promised him. 'If only something could be done,' she said, 'to make the poor child happy before death comes. The doctor gives me no hope. It is to-night or to-morrow at the latest.' The Old Man couldn't speak, but he took from his pocket the War Cross with the green and red ribbon which he had brought to the widow of that black sheep, Private Dubois. 'Filseke's' mother stared at him and at the cross, and a wild, half-crazy hope gleamed in her eyes. '*Mon Colonel,*' she said, 'if——.'

⁂

"The Old Man put his hand on the handle of the door, stepped into the poor little room, and 'Filseke's' mother followed. 'Look, Filseke,' she said, 'the Colonel has come himself.' The boy looked up, saw the cross, and his blue lips trembled. 'Soldier Dubois,' said the Old Man in a low voice. 'In the name of the President of the Republic and in virtue of the powers conferred on me——' 'Filseke' suddenly sat bolt upright, and, trying to salute, clutched at the bronze cross, held it, and fell back again. The Colonel leaned over the bed and kissed the dying child.

"But there is no room for sentiment in war. The Old Man will tell you so any time."

JOHN N. RAPHAEL

"'Filseke' suddenly sat bolt upright trying to salute"

Natural History of the War

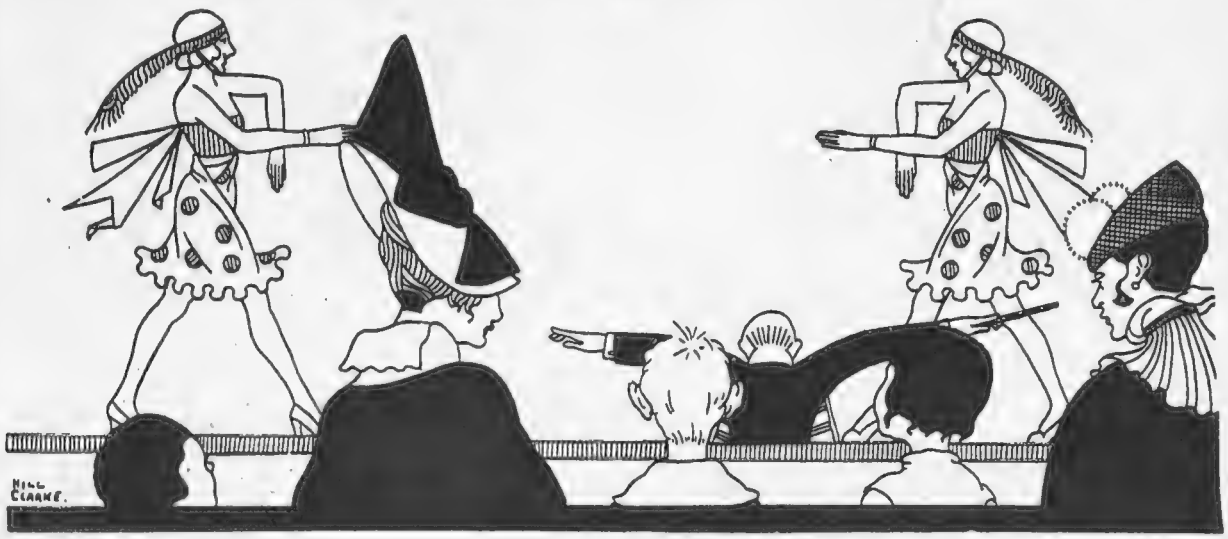
PASSED BY CENSOR

THE FLANDERS SEA LION (LEO MARITIMUS)

"An almost extinct amphibian, first discovered in Flanders during the Winter of 1914-15. Feeds almost exclusively on Plum and Apple Jam and Rum. Only savage when the latter is knocked off"

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

BIRTHDAYS AND HOLIDAYS (concluded from page 535)



"Even the Christmas pantomime is criticised by its infantile spectators"

The Christmas Party

THE sophisticated child of to-day is not awed and excited by fireworks—he would rather go to bed, and says so in no uncertain tones. Neither is he impressed by the warning that unless he is a good child Father Christmas will put him nothing but coals and a whip into his stocking; he despises you for your simplicity in expecting him to believe such nonsense. "Tell that to the baby," he declares; "I know Father Christmas is only a make-believe. I've known that ever so long." No one really enjoys a Christmas party but grown-ups, who seize it as an occasion to revive the illusions of their own childhood. The actual child, having no illusions, regards it as much ado about nothing, and wonders how his elders can be so silly as to fool about with hunt-the-slipper and forfeits. The small maiden of to-day votes "Sir Roger de Coverley" dull, and expends her energies in toe-dancing or the fox-trot. As for ring-a-ring-o'-roses and little Sally Lunn, perish the suggestion!

"Father Christmas is only a make-believe"

❋ ❋

What is a Holiday?

IF the children's holidays now mean nothing more than a strenuous round of purveying to their harassed elders, the elder's own holidays are no better. Holiday-making is a serious affair. We no longer laze beside the idle summer sea or the equally idle winter fire. We choose some place where we can play a serious game or take part in equally serious sports. And the game is not play, mind you, but work. Only the other day I heard of a man who had devoted his holiday to golf and had been ordered away by his doctor for a fresh holiday—fishing, this time—to recover from the effects of the first. He was threatened with melancholia as the result of worrying over his irreducible handicap.

❋ ❋

'Appy 'Ampstead

IT looks as though the world were falling into senile decay, if it has not already done so. Twenty or thirty years from now the utmost of jollity and conviviality will probably be a solemn Christmas Eve game of clock golf with a bowl of lemon-squash to represent the extinct punch and snap-dragon, while birthday festivities will by common accord be limited to filling in some kind of form for a national register. Still, all is not lost; the holiday spirit still survives here and there, and may be revived. Simple minds and animal spirits have not altogether vanished. The children of the poor are not so *blasé* as to despise games and parties, and you will find the true holiday spirit rampant when 'Arriet in her forest of plumage with her coster's arm about her waist disports herself in her thousands on Hampstead Heath. No melancholia there, and no boredom.

EFEMERA

IN THE TEETH OF IT.

A hungry wind that started somewhere near the North Pole without its breakfast and has swept the North Sea without finding anything more sustaining than spindrift is no billet-mate for warm-blooded men. There's hardly anything it can't put its teeth through, especially with a mean, insidious rain to help it.

But the 'Thresher' beats it. Let it ramp and rave till it frightens all the mercury down into the bulb, the three-line defence of the 'Thresher' beats it. First, there's the outside khaki shell, that takes the hard wear and tear without wearing or tearing; a redoubtable surface that the stickiest mud can't stick to. Next, the interlining through which you couldn't force water with a fireman's hose, and protected from wear by a tough, thin lining of its own.

Inside that again, the warmth-lining, made of fleece or sheepskin at your choice, and detachable when the weather's warm or you've got strenuous work on hand. All sorts of little comfort dodges and conveniences in the build of it, and just the right length for trench work. There's your "Thresher"—the fighting coat that 10,000 officers wear, that the War Office recommended to O.C.'s the first Winter of the War, and of which so many feeble copies are made and sold on the strength of the Thresher's merits. Make sure yours is the genuine "Thresher"—look for the "Thresher and Glenny" label.

THE THRESHER

"Thresher" Trench Coat with detachable Sheepskin Lining - - **£8 8**

As above, with Detachable "Kamelcott" Lining - - - - - - - **£6 6**

Cavalry type with knee flaps and saddle gusset 15/6 extra.

All sizes in stock. Send size of chest and approximate height, and to avoid any delay enclose cheque when ordering.

Trench Coats in Ladies' sizes can be obtained from "Thresher's," 5, Conduit Street, W. Ladies' Department only.

THRESHER & GLENNY

152 and 153, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

By Appointment *to H.M. The King.*

Taking a Few Notes to the U.S.A.

Camera Portrait *F. O. Hoppé*

A new and charming photograph of Madame Edvina (in private life Mrs. Cecil Edwards), the famous prima donna who, after lately appearing in Grand Opera in Paris, is about to undertake an extended operatic tour in the United States

"It's an Ill Wind—"

ANGELINA: "I'm so glad that horrid Brunhilde and her Fritz won't be at any of our parties this year!"

"A Knight in Mufti"

From the "Rilette" painting to the commission of H. Dennis Bradley.

POPE & BRADLEY
Civil, Military & Naval Tailors

A NOTE ON MUFTI.

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

AN American writer recently stated with a candour as astonishing as it was refreshing that although the productions of his native land were great in quantity they were not great in quality. He further added that when a good American required a really good chassis or really good clothes he had to come to London.

We Britishers, with naive self-abnegation usually decry our own virtues, therefore I thank our American friend for voicing that which we already knew, but might have blushed to say ourselves.

The axiom is simple. Britain, aided by nature, is able to manufacture the finest woollen materials in the world, and London, aided by inherent style, produces the best cut clothes.

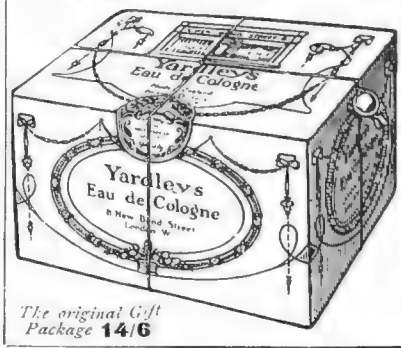
Even in war-time, Bond Street has maintained its traditional supremacy, and the mufti styles of the House of Pope & Bradley continue to set fashion, where fashion still exists.

To-day the average price for a Pope & Bradley suit or overcoat is from five to seven guineas. With an ever rising woollen market, it is impossible to say what the price will be in the near future. The charges will be kept moderate as long as possible, but to whatever maximum, necessity compels them to advance, there will be no reduction in the quality which has established the reputation of the House.

New Naval and Military Kit List of every Service requirement will be forwarded upon application.

TWO ESTABLISHMENTS ONLY

14 OLD BOND STREET, W. & 11-13 SOUTHAMPTON ROW, W.C



The original Gift Package **14/6**

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ORIGINAL GIFT PACKAGE containing six 4oz. Bottles, **14/6.** Daintily Boxed, Corded and Sealed.

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Small, **4/-**; Medium, **7/6**; Large, **15/-**; Magnum, **30/-**.

For cut glass gift bottles and other styles see Price List, post free.

Yardley's
Eau de Cologne
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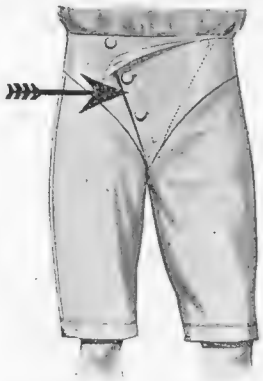
AND OF ALL HIGH CLASS CHEMISTS AND STORES

"A Splendid Xmas Gift for the Comfort of Our Soldiers in the Trenches."

Chamois Leather Drawers



Ensures perfect comfort with absolute warmth. The most suitable garment for all those exposed to damp, wind and cold throughout the winter campaign with the forces in the field. When ordering, please state waist measurement.

Chamois Leather Jackets

Combines the maximum amount of warmth with the minimum of weight, whilst the leather being very smooth, the jacket can be worn underneath the tunic without disarranging the fit or causing the least discomfort or lack of freedom in movement. When ordering please state chest measurement.

Chamois Leather Socks

Ensure perfect circulation and absolute warmth. They entirely do away with Frost-Bite, and have proved the greatest comfort and protection to Officers at the Front. When ordering, please state size of boot worn.

Price £3 13s. 6d. the set, post free.

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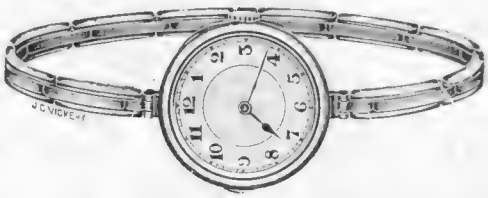
Xmas Gifts.



Catalogue sent Post Free.

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Other Gold Watches on Expanding Bracelets, 78/6, 98/6, 105/-, etc.

No. z 530.
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For Lady, £1 7s. 6d.

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Four sizes:

For 25 Cigarettes	...	...	£1 15 0
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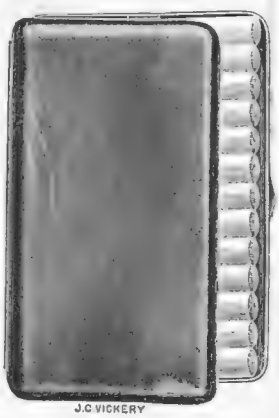
No. z 3134.—Very Handsome Black Antelope Bag with Beautiful Old Silver finish Chased Frame, lined Moire Silk, fitted Card Case and Vanity Case.
Size 9 by 7½ in. £4 15s.
Many other designs of these beautiful Bags in stock.



No. z 266.—The Lightest Possible Cigarette Case for Active Service of Light Solid Steel.

Covered Pigskin, 11/6
Do. Covered Velvet Calf, 10/6

Will hold 32 Cigarettes.

Worth a Guinea a—Stall

Everybody seems to have been waiting for months for the opening of Mr. Charles B. Cochrane's theatre—the new St. Martin's—and the production of "Houp-la." Well, here it is at last; and all London will flock to see it—a jolly and amusing little revue-play in a very charming theatre

MUSICAL NOTES

SONGS AND A SINGER

It is not often that musical comedy provides a recruit for the concert platform, especially the more serious concert platform. So that when Miss Winifred Barnes announced her intention of singing Cyril Scott's songs at the Æolian Hall the other day the Musical Bystander felt the occasion was not one to be missed.

* *

Cyril Scott is about the last composer you would associate with musical comedy talents. His songs are difficult, imaginative, full of atmosphere. Musical comedy is associated, even rudimentarily, with none of these three qualities; its virtue, such as it is, lies in a certain obvious snappiness and a cheerful conventionality extremely clearly expressed.

* *

Now, curiously enough, the one point in which Miss Barnes failed was in clear expression. This in two ways. Firstly, she did not, so it seemed to me, always make us understand what exactly was her idea of the music as music; secondly, she did not always pronounce her words as distinctly as she might. Final consonants were abandoned with all the nonchalance of the German Supreme Command announcing the loss of a first-line trench. Even vowel-sounds were not as sacred as they should be. To me, quite candidly, it was a disappointment and a surprise that Miss Barnes's diction should not have been beyond reproach. Music-hall and musical comedy traditions are usually faultless in this respect.

Photograph *Foulsham and Banfield*

MISS MOLLIE RAMSDEN
Who is making her début in "Houp-la" at the St. Martin's Theatre

* *

But, taking her performance as a whole, it was extremely good. She has a charming voice and a good deal more style than some singers of greater pretensions. Moreover, she (or her teacher) has a very pretty idea of interpretation. Indeed, it was quite a revelation to some of us how much pleasure could be got from a performance comparatively unsophisticated. The fact of the matter is that we have all come grossly to exaggerate the importance of song-recitals. Winifred Barnes is not, and probably never will be, an Elena Gerhardt, but her freshness and naturalness have a quality of their own which is not without a certain definite musical value.

Francis Toye

Russian Memories
By Madame Olga Novikoff, who is known in every capital in Europe as the prime mover in the great Anglo-Russian Entente and Alliance. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. net.

Lord William Beresford
V.C., K.C.I.E. Some Memories of a Famous Sportsman, Soldier and Wit, by Mrs. Stuart Menzies. With Appreciations by the Earl of Cromer, Admiral Lord Beresford, and 40 Illustrations. 12s. 6d. net.

Forty Years at the Bar
The Recollections of J. H. Balfour Browne, K.C., one of the most prominent figures at the Parliamentary Bar. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. net.

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A book about the fifth Duke and his beautiful Duchess, Georgiana. By Hugh Stokes. 12s. 6d. net.

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The Russian Arts
By Rosa Newmarch. With 32 plates. 5s. net.

Poetry and the Renascence
of Wonder, by Theodore Watts-Dunton. For a generation the author of "Aylwin" was urged to republish his famous political articles. 5s. net.

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"'Laugh and the world laughs with you.'"

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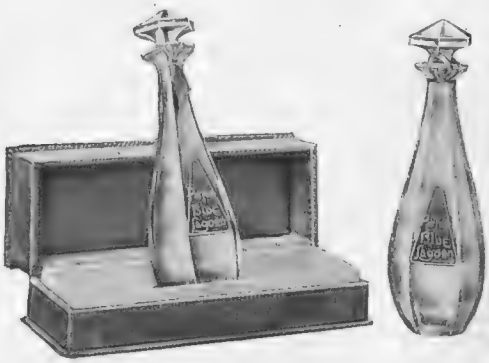

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A lovely perfume reminiscent of the more refreshing odours of Tropical Flowers. It is a perfume of alluring charm. The bottles of the **10/6** size and upwards are of pale sapphire tinted cut crystal, the smallest size in white crystal.

Prices, 5/9, 10/6, 16/9, 21/- & 25/-
Silk Presentation Cases, 3/- extra.

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A lovely rich mellow perfume which has won for itself the favour of the Parisian World of Fashion. A voluptuous, satisfying fragrance, without any trace of oppressiveness.

In beautiful sculptured crystal bottle, price 15/- each.
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"NIGHT OF JUNE" PERFUME

Imagine an old world garden with the Lilies, Stocks, Roses, Carnations, and Honeysuckle exhaling their dewy fragrance, and one will have some idea of the sweetness of this "Night of June" Perfume.

In lovely carnation decorated frosted bottles, 17/6 each
Smaller size in clear cut crystal bottle, 5/9 each
Silk Presentation Cases, 3/- extra.

PERFUMERY EXHIBITION

AT DUBARRY'S PERFUMERY SALON, 81, BROMPTON ROAD, there will be a unique display for three weeks before Xmas OF THE MOST PERFECT EXAMPLES OF THE MODERN ART OF PERFUMERY. THERE WILL BE REPRESENTATIVE EXHIBITS OF ALL THE MOST FAMOUS FRENCH MAKERS.

NOTE.

ORDERS RECEIVED BY POST ARE SENT THE SAME DAY SECURELY PACKED, POST FREE, IF ACCOMPANIED BY REMITTANCE.

Dubarry et Cie
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Christmas Shopping Notes

GIFTS TO SUIT ALL PURSES AND TASTES. BY MRS. JACK MAY

Yuletide Fare at Shoolbred's

THE task of picking out for special mention just a mere handful of articles suitable to Christmas gifts at Shoolbred's is not easy, since practically every section of the large establishment is affected. A first word, however, to the books, a right royal display, which will be found to contain an exhaustive selection for all ages and purses. Near by comes an equally tantalising array of small furniture pieces, the little things that mean so much to the comfortable, lived-in appearance of a room. Such as that handy little bureau illustrated, an ideal gift for a young girl's boudoir. It is of mahogany inlaid, and measures twenty inches, and costs 65*s.* Provided it finds the right home, one lacking its presence, the gift of a nest of tables is assured of a welcome. There are many to be seen at Shoolbreds, among them the fancy depicted of oak antique finish, priced at 37*s.* 6*d.* Of more aspiring character is the artistic "Bergére" chair, the characteristic wicker-work framed in oak and the loose seat upholstered in tapestry. Wicker-work chairs are also a speciality with Shoolbred's. A purse and Treasury note case combined, 3*s.* 6*d.* and 5*s.* 6*d.*, forms another nice present; while branching off into a totally different direction, but one equally prolific, the jewellery and silver department, is to find engine-turned cigarette-cases from a guinea, silver cabinet photograph frames, 12*s.* 6*d.*, silver caskets, 13*s.* 6*d.*, engined-turned hair brushes, mirrors, etc., and the daintiest little silver inkstand and penholder, 6*s.* 9*d.* The latter is included in the illustrated group. Shoolbred's Christmas catalogue has heaps more to relate about the momentous topic of gifts, and as it can be had for the asking no one who is wise will delay in making application to Tottenham House for a copy.

THREE DELIGHTFUL PIECES OF FURNITURE AND A PRETTY INKSTAND
At Messrs. Shoolbred's

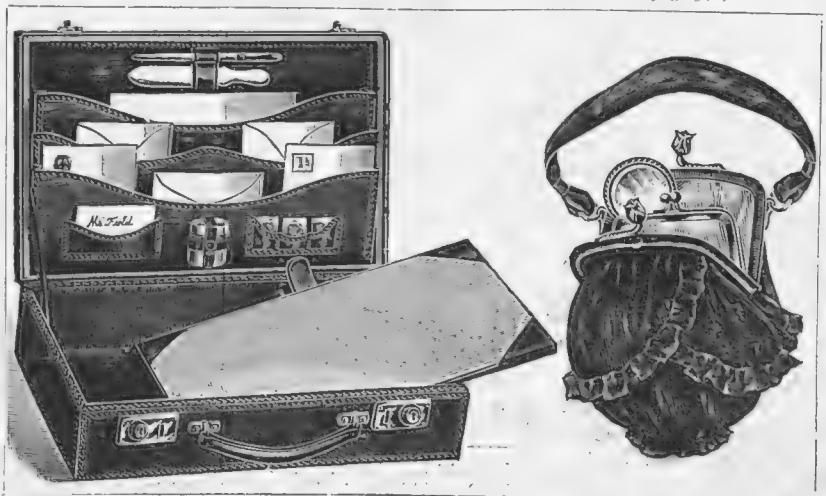
Something for Everyone

No matter whether the gift quest is for man, woman, or child, it will be found under the happiest auspices at Messrs. D. H. Evans, Oxford Street. Very apropos of the moment is a fine selection of electric flash lights, ranging in price from 2*s.* upwards. A feature of special interest is the large round handle, which enables the lamp to be carried over the arm, thus leaving the hands at liberty. The light is clear and penetrating, and refills can be had at 2*s.* each. Although Fashion has dictated a plethora of pockets on gowns and coats, there has been no cessation in the steady demand for handbags, both in leather and silk, and at D. H. Evans the choice in these is unsurpassed for originality and value. In order to bring variety to bear upon the silk bag, little frills are being introduced, a dainty expression of this novel fancy occurring in the smart black silk bag sketched, a really wonderful offering at 15*s.* 11*d.* For that all-important personage, the man in the trenches, no handier or more compact cigarette-case could be found than the one which Messrs. D. H. Evans are supplying in three sizes and two qualities, morocco and pigskin. The price of the smallest size in morocco is 2*s.* 6¾*d.* and in pigskin 2*s.* 11¾*d.*

Many Gifts Applicable to the Moment

The authorities at Peter Robinson's, Oxford Street, have concentrated on gifts of a serviceable, sensible character, rendering these as attractive as possible, and at the same time at reasonable prices. A comfort specially devised to be stowed away in a knapsack is a compact brush and comb case. The latter, fashioned of solid hide, is fitted with two hair

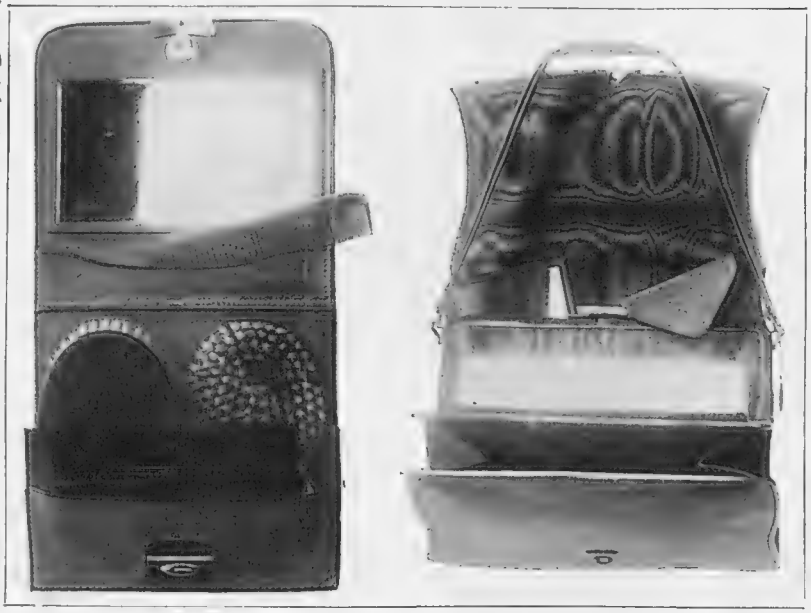
(Continued on page 548)



FITTED DESPATCH CASE AND BLACK SILK VANITY BAG
At D. H. Evans, Oxford Street

CHRISTMAS SHOPPING NOTES (continued from page 547)

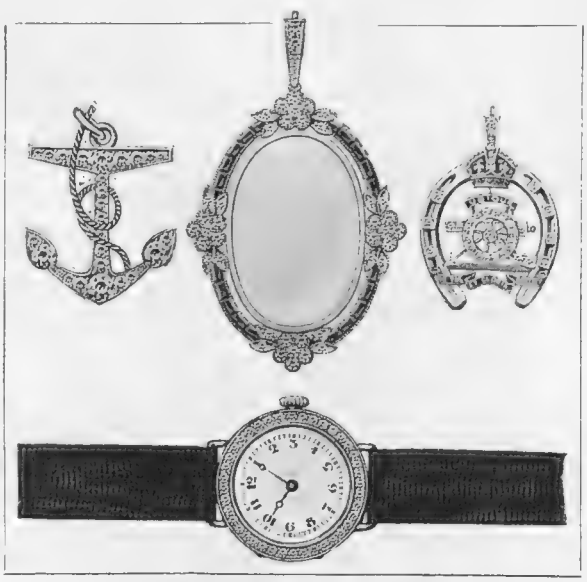
brushes, the short bristles of the very best quality, flat clothes brush, comb, and mirror. This article is pictured here, and the price is 15*s.* 11*d.* Yet another of these immediately serviceable gifts comprises a solid pigskin case containing a reliable safety razor, nickel-plated handle, and five extra blades, only 3*s.* 11*d.* Of bags there is the usual choice, *faille*, embroidered with beads, taking an easy lead in ultra fanciful expressions. The example illustrated is capable of withstanding any amount of wear and tear, since it is of the best quality real seal leather, of an adaptable square shape, lined *moiré* silk, mounted in silver gilt and equipped with the customary little vanity accessories. Treasury cases of various shapes and styles abound, one of these, termed a wallet, having a curious slip pocket arrangement, which ensures one note only being drawn out at a time, and automatically producing another in its place. A nice little touch of sentiment is provided in the case of an elegant wallet, a combination affair for letters and Treasury notes, with a third flap for a photograph of mother, wife, sweetheart, or friend. In a delicate dove-grey velvet calf the sum asked is quite reasonable, 12*s.* 6*d.*, it may be had in pigskin, 10*s.* 6*d.*, and fine grain seal, 13*s.* 6*d.*



A COMPACT BRUSH AND COMB CASE IN SOLID HIDE, AND A VERY USEFUL VANITY BAG
At Peter Robinson's, Oxford Street

Demi-Deuil Jewellery

Gifts of infinite refinement and variety and incontestable value reign at the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Co., 112, Regent Street. Small need at this date to eulogise the pleasant atmosphere of this favourite shopping rendezvous, where one can wander at will without any importunity to buy, and yet find at the right moment an obliging attendant ready with the necessary information. Being the actual manufacturers of the goods they offer, the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company never permit anything to pass out of their keeping that does not present the fullest value. Then they are always among the first to scent a demand, a strong case in point being mourning jewellery. In this regard onyx has come into its own again, a chaste example of a miniature pendant being included among the group of pictured gifts suitable to Christmas. About the rim of black onyx are posed groups of floral fancies, set with diamonds, a diamond loop supplying the requisite support, the whole representing a most seductive and appropriate piece of jewellery. There is a delightful inconsequence, but one that strikes a note of the moment, in mounting, as shown, a lovely costly little watch, enhanced with brilliants, on a black *moiré* wrist strap. It is the pose of simplicity that is alone rendered impressive by an appreciable expenditure of money. Following up their procedure of last season, the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company are in a position to undertake any special orders for Army, Navy, or Flying Corps badges, in the form of brooches and pendants. The work they introduce into these miniature replicas is the finest and most delicate possible.



JEWELLED ARMY AND NAVY BADGES, AN ONYX AND DIAMOND PENDANT, AND A CHARMING WRIST-WATCH, RIMMED WITH BRILLIANTS
At the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, 112, Regent Street

"The Pomona Toys"

In a corner of Chelsea, 64, Cheyne Walk, by the old parish church, there is a door that opens into fairyland. Children have been the first to discover it, and a row of small faces glued to the window-panes is as stationary as the toys inside. The toys range from the simplest wants of babyhood (something soft and zoological combined) to the harder, more manly toys of masculine youth; and every little girl's sphere would be for ever incomplete without a Pomona toy. Jocund elephants, spotted flying fish, companionable penguins, stream past a painted signpost towards the portal of an ark, where a Byzantine Noah and his slim and eager wife light-heartedly await them. The prices are extremely reasonable, dolls condescending to the humblest pockets. Nor are the stuffed animals, ranging from elephants to seals, beyond the dreams of avarice. It is only fair to warn the public that any child brought to this shop is in danger of becoming a fixture.

Fashions in Tortoiseshell

There is no better spot in which to seek Yuletide offerings than Dickins and Jones, Regent Street, especially in leather and fancy goods, the latter including exceptionally good and desirable articles, such as the lovely little toilet set depicted. Every woman nowadays covets a set of tortoiseshell brushes, inlaid with silver. Although this much-sought-after shell has gone up appreciably in price, Dickins and Jones are able to offer a beautiful set of six pieces at £10. Of these, three are illustrated — hair-brush, mirror, and clothes-brush. Solid silver hair-brushes commence in price here at 25*s.* 6*d.*, a particularly charming example being engine-turned and finished with a Chippendale border. In personal decorations hatpins

(*Continued on page 550*)

Shoolbred's

Complete Outfits for the Army, Naval, and Air Services.

TRENCH COATS
for Infantry and Cavalry, made of Triple-proof Khaki Twill interlined with oil cambric, lined with wool check
84/-
With detachable soft Fleece lining
£5 15 0 £6 6 0 £6 10 0

OFFICERS' CARDIGANS
All wool Khaki warm without undue bulk and weight
21/-

A HEAVIER JACKET at 18/6

KHAKI OILSKINS, Cavalry, Trench and Service, 38/6, 42/-

BODY SHIELDS, Whitfield's double, 55/-

Anglo-French 75/-

OFFICERS' "SERVICE" GLOVES
Tan Leather, lined Lambskin, elastic and dome Fasteners,
10 9

OFFICERS' SERVICE GLOVES
double palms, lined wool, elastic wrist, very strong and hard wearing 8/6

SPECIAL OFFER of TAN LEATHER JACKETS With sleeves lined, **25/-**
Post to France, 1/- extra.

CHAMOIS LEATHER JACKETS with sleeves
21/-, 25/-, 32/6, 42/-
DITTO without sleeves
15/-, 21/-, 25-/, 30/-

CHROME LEATHER JACKET with sleeves, lined
28/-, 32/6, 42/-
without sleeves
25/-, 30/- 37/5

FUR LINED JACKETS Short, for Naval, Military and Air Service: light and very warm
£5 5s., £5 6s., £8 8s.

BRITISH WARM COATS
Khaki Serge lined Fleece 55/-
Soft Angola, lined Camel Fleece 75/-

INFANTRY SLIP-ON Lined check
47/6, 55/-

AVIATORS' COATS
Black Leather, lined Camel Fleece £5 5 0

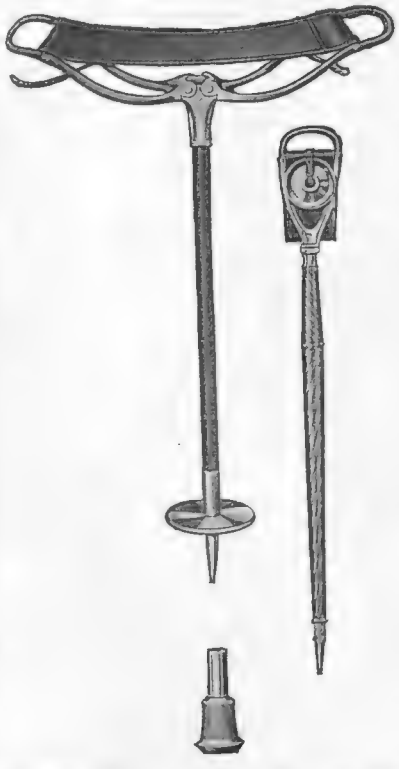
TOTTENHAM COURT RD., LONDON, W

CHRISTMAS SHOPPING NOTES (continued from page 548)

play a conspicuous part. The simplest hat enhanced by these ornaments gains in *éclat*, the pair illustrated showing a handsome combination of *frisé* pearl, and paste, reposing in a dainty case, price 21*s*. Other immensely

HAIRBRUSHES AND HATPINS
At Dickins and Jones.

effective crystal hatpins in case are selling at 7*s*. 6*d*. the pair, and a charming 9ct. gold set at 9*s*. 6*d*. In high quality leather goods Dickins and Jones have never been better equipped; nor yet in bags of every conceivable quality and kind, including the new black-striped patent leather and the many fancifully treated *faille* varieties.



TWO OF THE BEAUTIFUL EXAMPLES OF BRIGGS' STICK AND UMBRELLA WORK

At Brigg and Sons' 23, St. James's Street

The great umbrella and stick emporium, the "Swagger" umbrella, with its leather thong for hanging on the wrist, introduced last season, has surpassed all expectations in popularity. The latest addition to these charming *parapluies* is a gilt tip cup, which is much appreciated when the umbrella has to be carried in a wet condition. This is shown in the accompanying group, which boasts a pigskin butt and loop. There is also a natural ash root with pigskin loop, a silver cup on hazel or malacca following on. Of more *recherché* and costly character are the beautiful real tortoiseshell handles. A great speciality during the past few years here, the firm has secured some exceptionally fine specimens of shell. As it is an open secret THE BYSTANDER travels direct to the fighting line weekly, men in a gift-giving mind may safely entrust their selection to Brigg and Sons, while at home the fair sex may with equal confidence seek their aid in quest of those capital loaded whips, capable of inflicting quite a serious amount of damage, or the useful natural wood walking-sticks fitted with detachable periscope mirror, and costing only half a guinea. No more welcome gift could be found for hale or wounded soldiers than the Brigg "Perfect" seat stick. This is prized beyond rubies, and the firm have been able to overcome what promised at one time to be a formidable shortage of material, and so are able to keep the supply up to the demand

Gifts Practical and Persuasive

With that quiet sureness of touch born of knowledge, those in authority at Debenham and Freebody's responsible for jewellery and fancy goods have secured some fascinating novelties among which comes a fitted attaché-case, suitable for either lady or gentleman, the cost of which is one guinea. Of this we have commandeered an illustration, but the latter gives a most inadequate idea of the value, since the case itself is of natural hide lined with leather, besides measuring 14 inches by 9 inches. A new luminous folding clock is likewise pictured, the case of straight grain leather in several shades, including a deep purple and green. The dial of the clock is black, with white luminous figures and hands, this representing a handsome gift at 50*s*. Frames are selling well in this department at Debenham's, a very choice selection including some covered with velvet calf, merely ornamented with some Army or Navy badge, a further variety similarly decorated being of pigskin. Other photo cases in steady demand are limp affairs fitted with talc in lieu of glass. Commencing in price at 3*s*. 6*d*., these travelling photo-cases can be had in any size, single or double. Prominent among the novelties in jewellery comes a slave bangle shaped like two merrythoughts, for luck, as well as elegance; also a bracelet watch, mounted in a stone expanding chain bracelet. The stones chiefly employed are New Zealand greenstone, like jade, and both blue and red cornelian.

Grey Hair a Thing of the Past

Grey hairs are a natural product of anxious times such as we are passing through; and a remedy for them, which will be a restorative without being in any way a dye or a stain, will naturally be very welcome to those who do not desire to appear old before their time. Such a remedy exists in Caradium (Helen Cavendish, 174, New Bond Street), and it exists as the result of research into the powers of Radio-Active Water, which is "Caradium's" main ingredient. After a few applications of "Caradium" hair that has turned grey is not only restored to its natural colour, but at the same time increases in beauty and in the luxuriance of its growth.

A BADGED PHOTO FRAME, LUMINOUS FOLDING CLOCK, AND ATTACHE CASE
At Debenham and Freebody's

(Continued on page 552)

Delight Your Friends This Christmas - -

The actual bottle is Full Size — 6 to the gallon

I am only a bottle, but I understand men. I know what they talk of; I know their whims and ways; I know their desires. I can give sound advice to anyone in doubt as to what to give at Christmas time. I hear the best men say that they mean to have Haig & Haig on the table. Surprise your friends by sending a case of Haig & Haig Scots Whisky to them this Christmas

There is a smile in every glass of it

Haig & Haig Five Stars Scots Whisky

Remember I am only a bottle but a friendly one. Everywhere I go there goes good fellowship and kindliness.

Christmas Case

Case of one dozen	66/-
Case of one half-dozen	34/-
Case of one quarter-dozen ...	17/6

Christmas Gift

The gift season will soon be here. Delight your friends by sending me along to them. They will be better friends than ever.

Make your plans early—for I am scarce—and deliveries are behind already.

The requirements of the Central Control Board stipulate that cash must be sent with orders.

If you have difficulty in obtaining, send direct to Haig & Haig who will pass your order to the nearest agent.

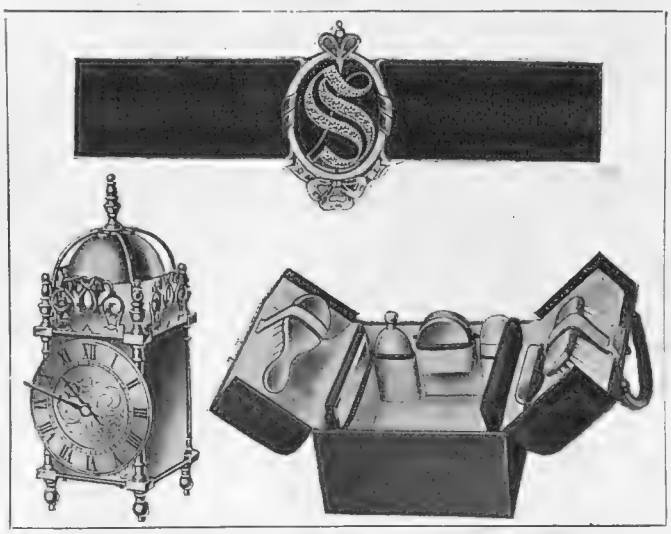
HAIG & HAIG Ltd (*Distillers since 1679*): GLASGOW and LONDON

London Office: 57 Southwark Street, S.E

CHRISTMAS SHOPPING NOTES (continued from page 550)

Novelties in Lamps

In visiting Mappin and Webb's, 158-162, Oxford Street, in search of Christmas presents one is certain to find novelty as well as value and charm, a fact verified this year in some painted glass lamps hailing direct from war-stricken Nancy. There are various shapes, sizes, and styles, and the effect when the light is turned on is exceedingly beautiful. One example boasts a long vase-like base, completed by a shade the shape of a toadstool, the latter when illuminated revealing a lovely painted fuchsia design. The light is only vaguely diffused beneath these painted shades, which is yet another virtue to be written to their credit side under existing restrictions. Among the *bijouterie* offerings is the ribbon bracelet illustrated, mounted with initial letter framed in gold and enamel, representing any regimental colourings—a dainty as well as interesting souvenir. Various other designs in which regimental badges and colourings are used include brooches, pendants, photograph frames, etc., Taking the old-time lantern timepiece as a model, Mappin and Webb are offering the most fascinating little clock in polished brass, with lever movement, at £4 12*s.*, some of the sweetest miniature clocks in delicate enamel cases also making a strong appeal to all of fastidious taste. That speciality of the firm, the lady's morocco leather dressing bag, at 4 guineas, will also be found among the accompanying illustrations.



RIBBON BRACELET, LANTERN TIMEPIECE and DRESSING-BAG At MAPPIN AND WEBB'S

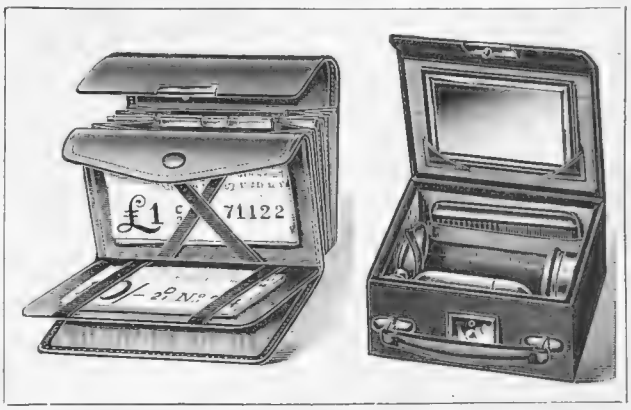
For Land, Sea and Air

The high position held by Messrs. John Barker, Kensington, when mufti reigned supreme, is sufficient guarantee of the manner in which the special needs of our Army, Navy and Air Services have been met and supplied in immaculately cut and made garments, suitable for all contingencies. Only skill and experience could turn out these individual efforts, but Barkers commandeer workmen of the highest grade, and likewise dispense with anything but the very best in materials. There is a chrome leather waistcoat, for example, of the finest, softest quality, which serves to render it delightful wear, while the vest throughout is warmly lined and scientifically ventilated, features that further enhance its practical value at 26*s.* 9*d.* It is almost impossible to cope with the steady demand made on Barker's "Kenbar Trench Coat," which brooks no rivalry anywhere at its special price of 84*s.* Built in the firm's own irreproachable style, in their treble-proofed "Kenbarcord," lined proofed check wool and interlined waterproof, there is no type of weather the "Kenbar" cannot successfully withstand, an extra expenditure of 30*s.* securing a detachable fleece lining. Equally excellent in its way is the Barker Aviation Coat, made in absolutely waterproof black leather, lined with camel fleece, for the R.N.A.S., the R.F.C. Aviation Coat, built on similar lines, being in tan leather. Mufti, too, is in no way neglected, the styles and materials, now as always, evidencing all that is desired by the well-dressed English gentleman.

THE "KENBAR" TRENCH COAT AND BARKER AVIATION COAT, AT JOHN BARKER'S

The Latest Thing in Lamp Shades

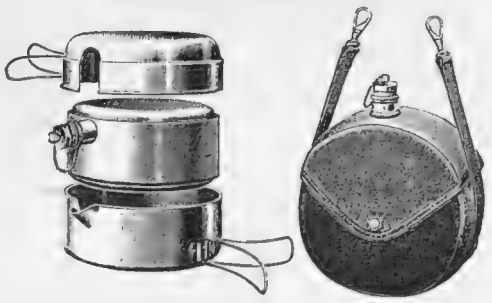
The lighting order has called forth the utmost ingenuity in lampshades, and at Harrods', of course, the subject is receiving the keenest consideration. Among the latest fancies comes a very clever and original inverted shade, that while softening and dimming the light presents a singularly beautiful and artistic appearance. Only a personal inspection of this elegant shade, with its graceful round shape, tasselled base, and of the lovely chene silk employed in its construction can convey an adequate notion of its charms. Then there are smaller replicas to be had, equally pleasing in their way, that commence in plain silk at 7*s.* The price of the large size in *chene* patterned silk, is 36*s.* 3*d.*, and in plain silk 24*s.* 3*d.* Invaluable for passages, bathrooms, etc., are a range of artistic clip-on shields, pretty painted medallions, at 6*s.* 3*d.*, appearing from out a glazed black frame when the light is turned on. The other items selected from a plethora of choice for illustration comprise a fascinating miniature attaché case, silk-lined and fitted with various dainty toilet addenda, that carries the amazingly moderate price of 8*s.* 6*d.*; and a lady's purse. The latter is a completely up-to-date affair, a falling flap revealing a "mystic" Treasury note division, a clever contrivance which renders it a particularly handy and safe receptacle.



A TREASURY NOTE CASE AND A MINIATURE ATTACHÉ CASE, AT HARRODS'

(*Continued on page 554*)

The "S & A" "EATANSWILL"
COMBINATION MESS TIN AND WATER BOTTLE
(Swaine and Adeney's Patent).



The size is the same as the usual cavalry mess tin, but slightly deeper. The capacity of the bottle is two pints.

Aluminium throughout, with nickel bottle, silver plated inside, with patent airtight stopper. Khaki canvas cover-carrier with shoulder slings or with swivel hooks for attaching to belt,

Price ... ... **£1 17s. 6d.**

Also supplied with aluminium bottle, **£1 7s. 6d.**

"**A Combination.**—One of the latest good ideas is that of combining a mess tin with a waterbottle, the combined weight of the two articles being only an ounce or two more than either of them separately. The whole idea is one of ingenuity and of real practical use for campaigning purposes, and we recommend this combination article with confidence."—CHOOSING KIT, *Land and Water*, May 1, 1915.

Postage to B.E.F. 1/- extra. Send for **NEW** *Illustrated List of War Equipment.*

SWAINE & ADENEY

By Appointment to H.M. the King.

185 PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.

The Health Principle—

The importance of wearing garments that are really healthful is being continually insisted upon by medical men.

"Viyella"

(Regd. Trade Mark).

Shirts and Pyjamas

are health-giving in that the "Viyella" fabric **both** absorbs **and** radiates away the moisture of the body, whilst its porosity allows free air passage, thus keeping the skin in a healthy condition and minimising the risk of chill. Durable, unshrinkable, and comfortable, the garments can be obtained ready-to-wear or made-to-measure.

The manufacturers will be pleased to forward name and address of your nearest or otherwise suitable "Viyella" Outfitter upon request together with samples of the material and interesting booklet "A Material Consideration."

Wm. Hollins and Co., Ltd. (Trade only), 3a, Viyella House, Newgate St., London, E.C.

HARRODS
SILVERWARE & CUTLERY
FOR YULETIDE GIFTS

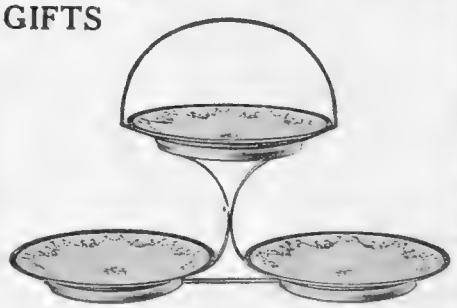
By Special Appointment Goldsmiths & Silversmiths to H.M. Queen Alexandra.

By Special Appointment Furnishers & Drapers to H.M. the Queen

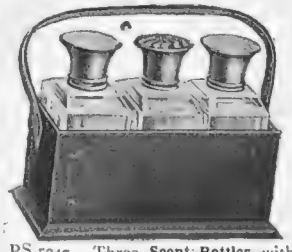
PS 5273. Electro-plate **Liqueur Stand**, with Bottle and Six Tots, diameter of stand, 9 ins. **£1:8:6**

PS 4949. For active service. Superfine Electro-plate **Flask.** Tinned inside. Flat and convenient shape for pocket. 5/16 pint., 25/-; ⅜ pint 27/6. Silver **Flasks** same model.

5/16 pint £3 5 0
⅜ pint £3 12 6



PS 5234. Electro-plate **Cake or Sandwich Stand**, with three Floral Festoon China Plates. Diam. of Plates, 8 ins. **£1:18:6**
Diam. of Plates, 6 inches £1 9 6



PS 5247. Three **Scent Bottles**, with Enamelled silver tops, in fancy leather case £1 18 6
Two ditto... ... ... £1 6 0
Each, without case ... £0 10 6

PS 5228. Electro-plate **Tea Set and Tray.**

Teapot, ¾-pint	£1 6 0
Sugar Basin and Tongs	10 6
Cream Jug	9 0
2 Coalport China Cups and Saucers with Spoons	12 0
14 in. Tray	£2 2 0

Separate items may be had. Complete **£4:19:6**

PS 5245. Sterling Silver and Tortoiseshell **Jewel Box**, Diam. 3 ins. **£2:2:0**

HARRODS LTD. MANUFACTURING SILVERSMITHS ELECTRO-PLATERS & CUTLERS. *Richard Burbidge - Managing Director* **LONDON.S.W.**

CHRISTMAS SHOPPING NOTES (continued from page 552)

Dubarry et Cie on the Important Question of Christmas Gifts

The very name of this firm of *parfumeurs* conjures up the scent of summer flowers. Their "Night of June" perfume is delicious, recalling, as it does, visions of an old-world garden full of lilies, roses, stocks, carnations, and honeysuckle. "The Heart of a Rose" is another ideal perfume, delicate, elusive, and yet unmistakable, just exactly, indeed, what a scent should be; while those who prefer the smell of violets will find this delightfully captured and reproduced in Dubarry's "Bunch of Violets" perfume. Then to women who love the languid odours of the East, the "Blue Lagoon" perfume makes an irresistible appeal. And all these covetable perfumes are to be had decanted in graceful crystal bottles at prices ranging from 5*s.* 9*d.*, while for the extra charge of 3*s.* an elegant little silk casket is added to enhance the charm of the gift. Not content with culling these specially prepared odours exclusively to the cause of liquid perfumes, Dubarry et Cie are likewise offering "Glossana" Shampoo Powders, "*savon pour le bain*," bath crystals, and bath dusting powder in a similar range of choice, a wise provision that all on the look out for original and acceptable Christmas offerings for the fastidious fair will at once appreciate.

A FINE EXAMPLE OF DUBARRY'S SCENT CASES

Sessel Pearls

The natural pearl is, perhaps, the most beautiful of all feminine adornments. But natural pearls cost a great deal of money; and, so far as the enhancement of a woman's charms is concerned, they are quite perfectly replaced by a much less expensive article—the Sessel Pearls. These beautiful productions possess exactly the same lustre, weight, and durability as the real thing, and are the finest imitation pearls procurable. Besides this claim to attention, in the matter of price they are far below the productions of other London and Paris firms, and a visit to the showrooms of Sessel's at 14, New Bond Street, will demonstrate very plainly that for absolute beauty combined with relative cheapness there is nothing to equal them. For example, a necklet at £4 4*s.*—an indistinguishable copy of a real pearl collar priced at £400—is as lovely a present as anyone could wish to receive; while tie-pins, earrings, and studs are equally good value.

"Courvoisier's C. C. Concentrated Perfumes"

Messrs. R. H. Bronnley produce a novelty in perfumery which should ensure a ready acceptance—especially in these days of enforced economy. Each vial of their Concentrated Perfumes contains a perfuming rod, which extracts one drop at a time of the combined and concentrated fragrance of thousands of blossoms; and only that one drop need be used to give out the essence of their sweetness. The perfumes are made in Viotto, Havanita, Omar Khayyám, and all floral odours, and are to be obtained at all chemists and stores. They make a most charming present, each vial being enclosed in a dainty leather case, silk lined.

The "Waldorf" Ladies' Companion

Never has a better, more compact or handier combined purse and cardcase been devised than the "Waldorf," which (when closed) in the small space of 4¼ inches by 5⅛ inches, contrives to hold a cigarette-case and gold-mounted amber cigarette tube, while the interior is so cleverly commandeered, there are separate pockets and compartments for cards, stamps, railway ticket, and Treasury notes. In silver or grey mole, fine seal or *moiré* silk, the "Waldorf" ladies' companion costs 50*s.* This really most covetable purse can be obtained of Boswell Hensman's, 91, Regent Street, whose fame as a maker of fine leather goods is known the world over. Another most attractive offering exclusive to Boswell Hensman is a minature motor-case. This, in spite of its diminutive size, is replete with every conceivable requirement in the way of toilet needs, including mirror, two brushes, comb, notebook, powder-box, salve case, pincase, and scent bottle. This very desirable little case, which measures, by the way, 7½ inches by 3⅜ inches by 3¼ inches, can be had in mole velvet calf, polished cross-grain leather and real morocco, with the fittings in fine quality gilt, the prices ranging from 37*s.* 6*d.*

A MINIATURE MOTOR CASE AT BOSWELL AND HENSMAN'S

An Unrivalled Display of Gifts for Young and Old

Recherché and dainty, ravishing and irresistible, are just a few of the adjectives that jump to the lips as one strolls through the various departments dedicated to Christmas gifts at Marshall and Snelgrove's. For the younger members of the community there is the wonderful White Fair, typically Christmas, with its snow, holly, robins, and toys galore. Unmistakably French in feeling are the sweet lace-trimmed toilet boxes, pincushions, etc., as also are those soft little reticules of shot silk, adorned with old gold lace and wee ribbon flowers. A single example is illustrated, as elegant an accessory to an afternoon or evening toilette as any woman could desire, and costing only 18*s.* 6*d.* Something of a feature, too, is being made here of small silk bags, some, indeed, answering to the better description of purse-bag. They are perfect replicas in miniature of the larger models, many even boasting an inner division (as is the case with the one pictured) and powder puff, price 14*s.* 6*d.* Among other articles of *vertu* of which Marshall's are conspicuously proud are their famed imitation pearls. These are exclusive to the house, and are being worn all over the world. In their close resemblance to Nature's handiwork, Marshall's counterfeit examples are absolutely undetectable in point of weight, colour, shape, and even texture. And yet a necklace, such as shown, costs but 39*s.* 6*d.*

RETICULE, SMALL SILK BAG, AND STRING OF PEARLS AT MARSHALL AND SNELGROVE'S

(*Continued on page 556*)

All goods supplied by Mme. WHITE are of the very finest work and material, being made by **French Sisters in Convents, in this country, and Irish Peasants.**

Complete sets of Lingerie, copies of French Models, from **£3 : 13 : 6**

Inspection of their beautiful work is cordially invited.

Mme. White

25 Beauchamp Place S.W

Late of Fleet Farm House, Fleet, Hants.

Maison Chic

Robes · Gowns · Blouses

TO BE WORN IN A NEW PRODUCTION

Phone: Mayfair 2208

38 Conduit Street

LONDON · W

The only successful Method for removing all traces of age.

By a new scientific method, known as the Hystogen Treatment, facial blemishes are corrected in a few minutes. The face after the treatment is years younger. Puffs, rings, wrinkles and flabbiness around the eyes are removed, hollows in face and neck disappear, sagging face is lifted and the contour of your youth restored.

These remarkable results are accomplished without the use of massage, lotions, creams, pomades, steaming, or paraffin injection. The Hystogen method has superseded all old time-worn remedies. It is the only system which absolutely removes every ugly blemish from the face, either the result of age or any other cause. One call, and you leave without a trace of the former defects on your face.

Try this simple experiment for yourself, and prove the truth underlying this new method. Stand in front of your mirror and, with the finger tips, smooth up the loose skin as shown in this illustration; you will then see what a wonderful difference even this slight alteration makes in your appearance—yet it is but an indication of what is accomplished every day without the least inconvenience.

Call or write for Dr. Willi's booklet—"Facial Perfection," Part 4 (sent sealed on receipt of 3d. for postage). Hours from 10 to 5.

THE HYSTOGEN INSTITUTE,

17, Baker Street, Portman Square, London, W.

Established 1907

CIRO

THE NEW SCIENTIFIC PEARL

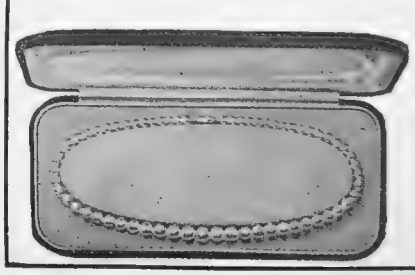
The most wonderful pearl ever produced, made up into the most exquisite necklets, at a price hitherto unheard of, for a scientific pearl which possesses the identical weight, sheen and orient of the genuine pearl.

Booklet on Pearls will be sent on application.

Can you tell a genuine pearl when you see one? Wear a Ciro Pearl necklet for 7 days, and if any of your friends can tell it is not real, return it to us.

Ciro Pearls can be obtained at your Jeweller's or at any of the principal stores in your neighbourhood.

Should they be unable to supply you, forward your order to our Head Office:—The Ciro Scientific Pearl Co., 42, Piccadilly, W., when it will have our immediate attention.



This is a faithful reproduction of a Ciro Pearl necklace in its beautiful étui of grey and gold—

£1 : 1 : 0

THE IDEAL GIFT

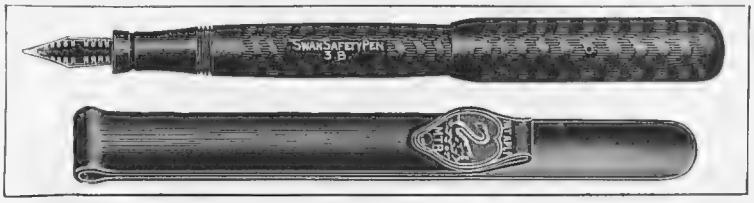
"Every Morn I Bring Thee Violets"

——and though you can't do that at this time of the year, you can compromise, with equal pleasure to the recipient, by sending one of the many charming productions of the Misses Allen-Brown from the Violet Nurseries, Henfield, Sussex. These ladies have taken the violet as the base of their delightful perfumery, and their claim that their scent "fills the air with the soft fragrance of the violet" is fully borne out. One of the Allen-Brown Hampers of English Violet Preparations is as charming a present as any woman could wish to receive. Made at two prices, 25*s.* and 12*s.* 6*d.*, it contains a collection of soaps, scents, bath-salts, sachets, and "soap-leaves," which will be a real delight to the opener of the parcel on Christmas morning.

THE VIOLET NURSERIES
One of their pretty Christmas Presents

An Old Friend—the Swan Fountpen

As usual at Christmas time, Messrs. Mabie, Todd and Co., 79 and 80, High Holborn, provide, as they have done for many years past, one of the most acceptable presents that anyone can give or receive in their celebrated "Swan" Fountpens. Both the "Standard" and the "Safety" pattern have their own excellences, the latter being, perhaps, the especial favourite for ladies' use. Messrs. Mabie, Todd, and Company attach the greatest importance to the quality and finish of the gold nibs (iridium-pointed) with which all their pens are fitted, and those thousands who have used, and use, them well know the delightfully easy way in which the pen slips over the paper. An ideal writing outfit for the man at the front is a "Swan" pen, a tube of forty ink tablets, and a "Swan" metal holder to prevent loss or breakage. This outfit can be obtained from 14*s.* upwards, and its postage to any of the expeditionary forces is 4*d.*



TWO "SWAN" FOUNTPENS
A "Standard" and a "Safety"—both of them invaluable in the trenches

A Unique Guinea's Worth

Search where one will, it would be quite impossible to find better value at a guinea than that provided by Messrs. John Pounds, 268-270, Oxford Street, in a lady's wrist bag. Made in the firm's own inimitable manner, of real morocco, lined with silk poplin and fitted with mirror, tablet, and captive purse, this bag is of a useful, practical size—in fact, it is the bag *par excellence* from a working woman's point of view, its capacious pockets being capable of holding all sorts and kinds of little treasures that mean so much to their owners. The illustration on page 558, although clearly showing the practical side of the bag,

(*Continued on page 558*)

THE "TANK" COMMANDER

We caused "some" stir amongst our boys when we first rumbled up behind our lines, but we created more stir when we had a look round Fritz's sleeping quarters. They thought anything we produced was a "washout," but we caught them napping for once. Old Jabberwock, as my Tank is nicknamed, acts as a tonic upon our boys and with a good cig., say an Army Club for choice, we can go anywhere, do anything, and over anything

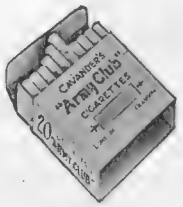
CAVANDER'S
"Army Club"
CIGARETTES.

20 for 9d., 50 for 1/10½, 100 for 3/9

We will post 200 *"Army Club" Cigarettes to all members of our Expeditionary Forces for* 6/-, *specially packed in air-tight tins of* 50's. *Order from your Tobacconist, or direct from*

CAVANDER'S, Glasgow. The Firm of Three Centuries.

London Postal Address: 167, Strand, W.C.



Cavander's "Army" Mixture—Absolutely pure. 7½d. per oz.

BY APPOINTMENT

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

of Highest Quality.

THE Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company's Christmas Presents are of highest quality. Every article has been carefully selected, and is the best value obtainable.

THE Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company will be pleased to send articles for approval, carriage paid, at the Company's risk.

A Catalogue of Christmas Presents will be sent post free on application.

112 Regent Street

Solid Silver and Inlaid Tortoiseshell Hair Brush, £2 10 0

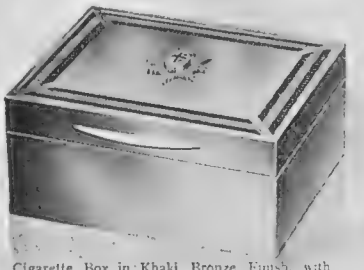
Scent Bottle with Glass Body, £1 12 6

Solid Silver Engine-lined Hair Brush. £1 16 6

Powder Box, £3 5 0

Solid Silver charmingly Engine-turned Powder and Vanity Box, fitted with Mirror in Lid. Gilt inside, and can be used separately as Trinket or Cachou Box if desired. Diameter 2½ ins.

£1 10 0

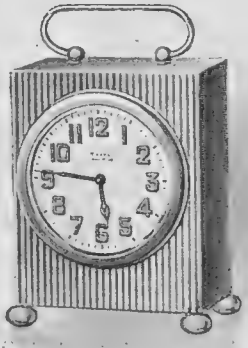


Cigarette Box in Khaki Bronze Finish, with Regimental Badge and Ribbon, lined Cedar.

Length, 3½ ins.	..	£1	12 6
„ 4½ „	...	£2	5 0
„ 6 „	...	£2	12 6
„ 7¼ „	...	£3	0 0

Solid Silver Flask, with Bayonet Cap and Cup fitted over Cap.

To hold 5 ozs.	....	£3	5 0
„ „ 6 „	...	£3	17 6
„ „ 8 „	...	£4	15 0



8-Day Lever Timepiece in Engine-turned Silver Case, with Leather Back Luminous Dial,

£3 3 0

Solid Silver Chain Bag, with fine quality Pleated Mesh.

Width of Frame, 4½ ins. £2 15 0

„ „ 5½ „ £3 7 6

Black Faille Silk and Velvet Hand Bag, lined Silk and fitted with Inner Frame, Mirror and Powder Puff, with Marcassite and Jade Mounts. Paris made.

£5 5 0

THE

GOLDSMITHS & SILVERSMITHS COMPANY LTD

Only One Address. No Branches.

112 Regent Street London W.

CHRISTMAS SHOPPING NOTES (continued from page 556)

A DELIGHTFUL HANDBAG
At Pound's

is altogether incapable of conveying a correct idea of its equally dainty appearance. Suitable alike for a lady or gentleman is the little half-size Treasury note case, illustrated, in black morocco, at 4*s.* 6*d.*, which is only one of many receptacles specially designed with the view of holding paper money; while essentially for a lady's use there will be found a beautifully finished real Morocco purse at 7*s.* 6*d.*, fitted with various compartments, including a separate opening for the now inevitable note. Beautiful and artistic in the extreme are the inlaid tortoiseshell offerings here, which include among toilet sets, dainty boxes, card-cases, brooches, and clocks the charming umbrella handle included in our illustrated group.

Gifts for the House-Proud Woman

At Messrs. Williamson and Cole's, 26, High Street, Clapham, the supreme good taste displayed throughout the entire establishment is only equalled by the catholicity of choice that prevails, from costly and important suites of furniture to the most incidental possession. Among the offerings to make special appeal in the cause of Christmas gifts are some extremely nice down quilts. The coverings, whether in cretonne, silk, or sateen, are of the most artistic order, while the prices are extremely moderate. A sofa cushion, for example, should be selected with care and discrimination, and the colour scheme of the room it will ultimately adorn borne well in mind. Some difficulty was experienced in selecting one example only to point a moral to the tale. This will be found in "The Quincey" Cushion. Both in shape and expression it is quite a novelty, the scalloped centre of brocade giving the keynote to the design of the rucked surround, the latter carried out in a pretty shot silk in various colourings. So expressed and filled with the best down, the "Quincey" cushion is 33*s.* 6*d.*, but it can also be had in plain Jap silk throughout for 19*s.* 11*d.* Pleasant alike to sit in and look at is the "Shell" chair, illustrated, upholstered in brocade and plain satin cloth, the characteristic "shell" effect being produced by skilfully applied cordings.

Gifts of Supreme Distinction and Value

Christmas shopping at Vickery's, 177-183, Regent Street, is always a pleasurable and enlightening procedure, doubt as to suitable gifts being immediately dispelled by an investigation of their novelties. Thus with the still inevitable handbag several quite original styles are to be found, including a beautiful little "Dorothy"

(*Continued on page 560*)

A "SHELL" CHAIR
At Williamson and Cole's

Mappin & Webb LTD

Branches: PARIS, MONTREAL, RIO DE JANEIRO, LAUSANNE, ROME

Branches: BIARRITZ, BUENOS AIRES, JOHANNESBURG, SAN PAULO, NICE

Peridot and Pearl Brooch, £1 5 0

Pearl Brooch, £2 0 0

Goods sent on approval.

Diamond Brooch, £3 0 0

Write for Illustrated Catalogue.

Pearl and Diamond Necklet, £11 10 0

Aquamarine and Pearl Necklet, £2 5 0

Pearl and Diamonds, £3 10 0

Diamond Palladium and Gold Ring, £4 0 0

8-ct. Gold Watch and 15-ct. Gold Bracelet, £12 10 0

Diamond and Sapphire Palladium Ring, £25 0 0

Sapphire and Diamonds, £12 10 0

London Showrooms:
172, REGENT STREET, W. 158-162, OXFORD STREET, W. 2, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

Manufactory and Showrooms: ROYAL WORKS, SHEFFIELD

MAPPIN & WEBB LTD

Letters from "the Front"

Are your letters from the front written with pencil or with pen? If with a smudgy pencil—it is because he hasn't a "Swan." What more useful gift, laden with thoughtful care for his comfort, could you send this Xmas than a "Swan Safety" Pen and a tube of ink tablets for use with water?

Safety Pattern with screw-on cap. May be carried in any position. From 12/6 up.

"SWAN" FOUNTPENS

Standard Pattern with slip-on cap. To be carried upright. From 10/6 up.

The "Swan" Pen has no valves or levers to adjust—nothing to wear or get out of order. The reservoir holds a large supply of ink, and when fluid ink is unobtainable, it can be loaded with "Swan" Ink Tablets and water. 40 Tablets in Nickel Tube cost 6d.

No war-time advance in the price of "Swan" Pens—other makers have put up their prices about 20%

SOLD EVERYWHERE BY STATIONERS AND JEWELLERS.

Write for Illustrated Catalogue.

Mabie, Todd & Co. Ltd.

79 & 80, High Holborn, London, W.C. 38, Cheapside, E.C.; 95a and 204, Regent St., W., London; 3, Exchange St., Manchester; Paris, Zurich, Sydney, Toronto, &c.

London Factory: 319-329, Weston St., S.E.

Size 2c.—"Safety," full-covered silver, 32/-

Size 1.—Barrel covered chased silver, 27/6

A dealer sending a "Swan" back for adjustment, writes:—

"We send you a B2 "Safety Pen" which a wounded soldier has just brought in.

We shall be glad if you will have it put right for him. He declares that he would not part with it for ten pounds, as it is the only thing he carried through the Gallipoli campaign and brought back with him in a whole and sound condition.

Size 2c.—Safety, with screw-on cap 12/6

Size 1.—Slip-on cap with clip, 11/6

CHRISTMAS SHOPPING NOTES (*continued from page 558*)

shape, in black or blue taffeta, banded with a handsome embroidery in steel and coloured beads, a very dainty gift, moderately priced at £1 17*s.* 6*d.* Other old friends in the way of pencils, cigarette-cases, umbrella handles, pen-trays, paper-cutters, hatpins, etc., are also all presented in some novel form. Naturally this year regimental badges play an important part in the designs for brooches, pendants, and bracelets, quite one of the most successful fancies being a band of black *moiré* ribbon mounted with a miniature *facsimile* of a regimental badge in diamonds, after the style of the dainty initial wristlet, included in the accompanying group of illustrations. White heather is not only a lucky symbol, but, as expressed by Vickery in the sweetest little pearl mounted sprays, charming to a degree, as is evidenced by the dainty little brooch employed to finish a smart *tulle* bow. The workmanship employed in the construction of this minute piece of *bijouterie* is of the most delicate character, while the price asked is only £2 17*s.* 6*d.* At Vickery's and Vickery's alone is it possible to procure a most ingenious contrivance consisting of a combined identification disc and watch bracelet arranged to fit on to any watch. We have Vickery's authority for stating that they are hardly able to keep the supply up to the demand, since it has become almost an imperative part of an officer's equipment. In solid silver the combination identification disc and watch bracelet comes out at 12*s.* 6*d.*, and in solid gold £3 5*s.* 6*d.*, an extra charge of 2*s.* 6*d.* in either instance being made for engraving. A special feature is being made of Treasury note cases, all sorts of which are procurable in green polished morocco at 12*s.* 6*d.*, dark blue fine seal morocco, 16*s.* 6*d.*, and polished crocodile skin £1 1*s.*

A JEWELLED BOW AND RIBBON-BRACELET
At Vickery's

AN ONOTO PEN
A splendid and useful present

The Favourite Onoto

People undoubtedly like self-filling fountain-pens; they save all the bother of having to use messy fillers. And of all self-filling pens the "Onoto" is probably the most universally used and the most deservedly popular. Besides the ordinary 10*s.* 6*d.* size, the Onoto firm have just introduced a military size, costing 12*s.* 6*d.*, which can be used with ink-pellets, an advantage highly appreciated by men on active service, who could never fail to value one of these pens as a Christmas present. The price of the "Onoto" pens varies from 10*s.* 6*d.* up to £5 5*s.*, for which a really superb gold-mounted presentation pen can be obtained. They are made by a wholly British firm, whose reputation for good workmanship and perfection of finish is world-wide.

(*Continued on page 562*)

Reduced facsimile. Original in Royal Engineers Colours.

The Gift this Xmas—FREE

This handsome corded silk Regimental Cigarette Case, with 9-ct. gold tops, in the **correct design and colours of any British Regiment,** will be presented FREE OF COST, and without any advertisement thereon, with each first purchase of

500 No. 17
"Imperial Service"
CIGARETTES

(Turkish or Virginia)

Sent post paid with Cigarette Case:

To the **FRONT** (air-tight tins), duty free, **23/6**
In the **UNITED KINGDOM** (boxes) - **30/-**

Much as you or your Service friends will like the cigarette case, which is really a first-class article, the chief pleasure will be derived from the cigarettes. They have that delicacy of flavour, aroma, and coolness in smoking which is the hall-mark of quality. They will, we think, secure us the permanence of your custom, and our object in making these gifts be thus achieved.

Sole Manufacturers:

BARTLETT & BICKLEY, 8c Vigo St., Bond St., London, W.

ELIZABETH Ltd.

SPECIALISTS IN CHILDREN'S SCHOOL OUTFITS.

LITTLE BOYS' FIRST SUITS.

LADIES' SIMPLE AND PRACTICAL DRESSES, SMOCKS, OVERALLS, AND APRONS.

THE OLVA SCARF;
Price **19/6**

Made of softest sheep's wool, very light in weight. Measuring 2¼yds. by ¾yd. The scarves can be had in a variety of beautiful colours and make very acceptable Christmas Presents.

45, South Molton St., New Bond Street, W.

TELEPHONE 3238 MAYFAIR.

The Soap for every Season.

4d per tablet.
1/- per box.

"ERASMIC"
The Dainty SOAP.
"ERASMIC" Perfumers LONDON & PARIS.

Good to the last drop

H.P. is the same all through—the new and delicious fruity flavour continues right to the last drop.

H.P. SAUCE

is tempting in itself and it makes the food more tempting too.

Of all Grocers.

Very charming Black Velvet Toque, with big Black Velvet Leaves. Price **2½ Gns.**

Also in Nigger, Bottle Green, Navy, Purple, and all the newest shades. Price 2½ Gns.

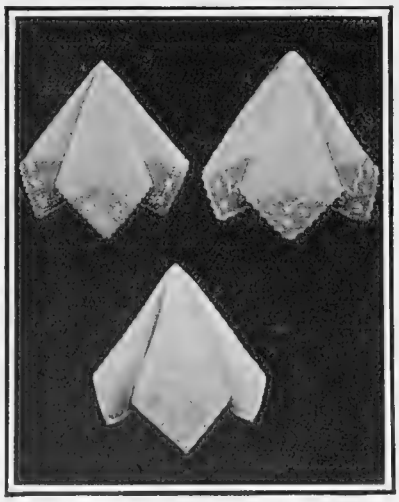
Suitable to wear with Fur Coats.

WOOLLANDS

Millinery Models

KNIGHTSBRIDGE · LONDON · S.W.

CHRISTMAS SHOPPING NOTES (continued from page 560)



THREE DAINTY HANDKERCHIEFS
At Robinson and Cleaver's

Handkerchiefs

Always a welcome gift—always a useful gift (especially in winter, the season of colds), handkerchiefs readily come to mind as a suitable and seasonable present. It would be hard to find a wider or better selection of all kinds of handkerchiefs than are to be seen at Messrs. Robinson and Cleaver's, where some of the prettiest and daintiest things of the kind delight the eye of the purchaser almost as much as they will that of the prospective recipient. The three of which we give an illustration will show very well the perfection to which Messrs. Robinson and Cleaver have brought their products. The beautiful scalloped and embroidered example on the left hand is about 12 inches square, and is sold at 8*s.* 6*d.* the dozen; the slightly larger one on the right at 6*s.* 6*d.*; while the sheer linen embroidered handkerchief at the bottom, with a corner and a narrow hem, is an absolute bargain at 12*s.* 6*d.* the dozen. There are no better in London.

"Have You Used——?"

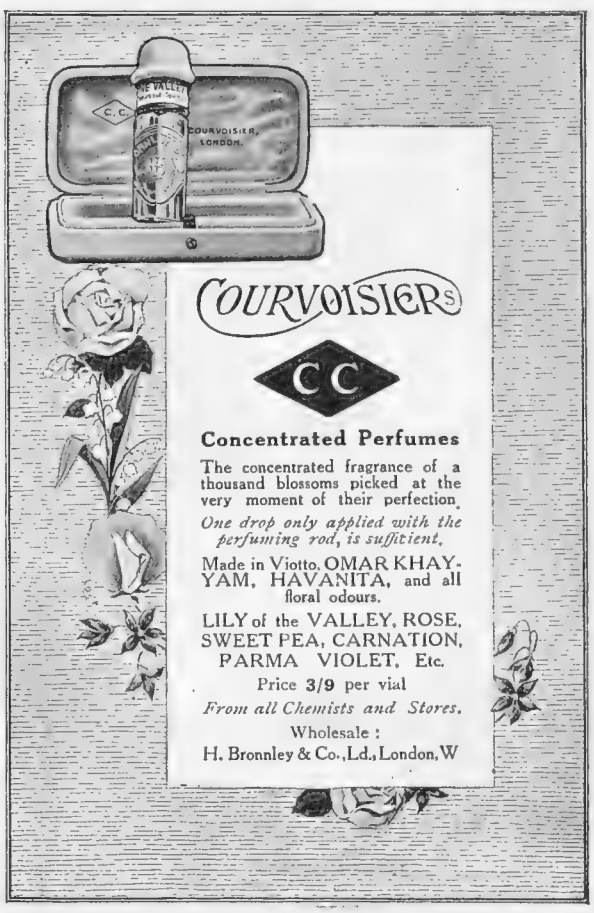
Even well over a hundred years' established reputation does not prevent Messrs. A. and F. Pears from searching for new attractions for their world-wide *clientèle*. "Pears' Soap" is more than a household word: since cleanliness comes next to godliness it is a sort of creed. At any rate, Messrs. Pears have found to their profit that a very large number of people believe in it thoroughly; and now they are adding to their list of attractions a "Golden Series" of articles which will make the lovers of their soap equally fond of the newer productions of the firm. Their "Speedy Shaving Powder," "Opaque Shaving Stick," "Pear Blossom Talcum Powder," "Solid Brilliantine," and "Dental Powder" are all thoroughly good specimens of the excellence of Messrs. Pears' productions; they are all delightful to use, and any one of them would make a present as acceptable as it is inexpensive.

Sweet Scents of England

Sweet pea blossom, night-scented stock, lily of the valley, jasmine-flower, rose supreme—think of the reproduction of these fragrances of

(*Continued on page 564*)

PEARS' SOAP, POWDER, AND BRILLIANTINE



Holds 30 cigarettes —a full day's supply —and keeps them in good condition.

A useful Gift for Soldiers and Civilians

This "Cross" Service Case has two pockets. Each takes 15 cigarettes—30 in all. Each is strengthened by a light metal spring. The pockets fold one over the other and are secured by a covering flap. When one pocket is empty, the case is thinner by a row of cigarettes.

Made in Pigskin—the most suitable leather for personal articles affording comfort and convenience to the campaigner—and supplied only by Mark Cross, Ltd.

OFFICERS' CASE, special superior quality, with pigskin lined flap. Size 5¼ in. by 3¾ in. No. 1231 ... **15/-**

SOLDIERS' CASE, same design, with flap lined sheepskin **10/6**

Delivered Free in the U.K. Registered Letter Post abroad 5d.

GILT MONOGRAMS 2-letter Gilt Monogram on flap, 3/6. In addition, Names and Regiments can be stamped inside. 1/9 Full Name. 2/6 Names and Regiment.

WRITE FOR NEW LIST No. 2. It describes many useful articles for soldiers, and also suggest gifts from soldiers to the home folks.

MARK CROSS Ltd
89 Regent Street, London, W

D. H. Evans & Co Ltd.

Everything for Ladies' and Children's Wear

Pretty Party Frocks for Girls

2 3

No. 2 BB.—Young Lady's Inexpensive EVENING FROCK in ivory net, with tiny pink embroidery trimming round the sailor collar. Price to fit girls of 15 years and upwards **42/6**

No. 3 BB.—Smart yet simple DRESS FOR GIRL of 10—13 years in ivory net, trimmed with pink rosebuds and ivory satin ribbon. Price for first size **35/6**
Rising 2/- each size larger

These dresses cannot be sent on approval owing to their fragile nature.

Fully Illustrated Book of Xmas Presents Post Free.

290 to 322
Oxford Street, London, W.

C. Brandauer & Co.'s, LTD.
CIRCULAR POINTED PENS.

SEVEN PRIZE MEDALS.

These series of Pens neither scratch nor spurt. They glide over the roughest paper with the ease of a soft lead pencil. Assorted Sample Boxes, 6d., to be obtained from all Stationers. If out of stock, send 7 stamps to the Works, BIRMINGHAM.

Attention is also drawn to their Patent Anti-Blotting Series

London Warehouse: **124, NEWGATE ST., E.C.**

A PRESENT APPRECIATED BY CHILDREN AND ADULTS.

THE LATEST NOVELTY.

DOUBLE-FACED JIG-SAW PUZZLES

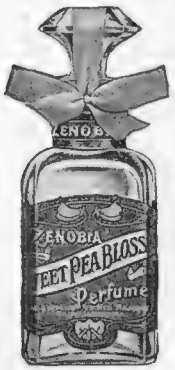
About 125 Pieces, 3/9. Post free in the U.K.

Write for Lists of "The Graphic" and "The Bystander" (Bairnsfather) "Jig-Saw" Puzzles. Prices from **1/4** to **37/6**

Made and Sold exclusively by "THE GRAPHIC" GALLERY, 190, Strand, London, W.C.

CHRISTMAS SHOPPING NOTES (continued from page 562)

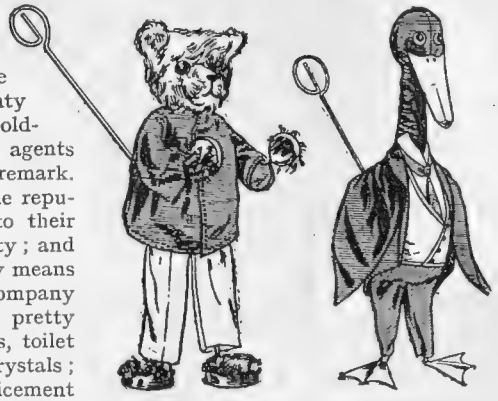
summer in winter-time! And that is what the producers of "Zenobia" (of Loughborough, Leicestershire) provide for the searcher after delicate and dainty perfumery — the scent of "old-world gardens," as the house agents so touchingly and seductively remark. These scents have a world-wide reputation for excellence, owing to their very high quality and reliability; and they are, moreover, not by any means expensive. The Zenobia Company also manufacture some very pretty handkerchief and glove sachets, toilet soaps, tooth-pastes, and bath crystals; while a special Christmas enticement of theirs is a Christmas card sachet, a novel and pleasing gift which will be cherished long after the ordinary Christmas card has been relegated to the dustheap.



ONE OF THE ZENOBIA SCENT BOTTLES

Toyland at Gamage's

Anybody who incautiously takes children to Gamage's will need either an overflowing purse or a heart of steel. If he has the latter—well, he wouldn't be taking children about at all, would he? But certainly the entrancing delights of Gamage's show of toys and



TOYS AT GAMAGE'S CHRISTMAS BAZAAR

Christmas presents of every sort, shape, kind, degree, and price will cause his little friends to make repeated calls upon his purse, however well filled. Musical-boxes, conjuring tricks, puzzles, games of all kinds, new and old games, war and peace games, jig-saws, scooters, dolls, teddy-bears, and all their develephants—I mean developments, sorry!—kindergarten toys, lead soldiers, model aeroplanes, naval guns, Noah's Arks, rocking-horses, Red Cross vans, bicycles, even "Tanks"——. Oh! this won't do at all! You must go and see for yourselves. Go and see, and you will stop and buy; and have three or four taxies waiting outside to take you and the children, and your presents and their presents, and your laughter and their laughter, away in. In point of fact—

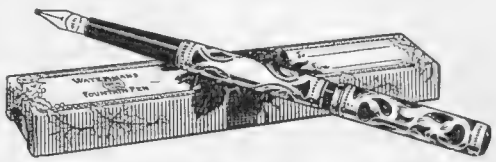
Whatever you do, and whoever you are,

You *must* go to Gamage's Christmas Bazaar!

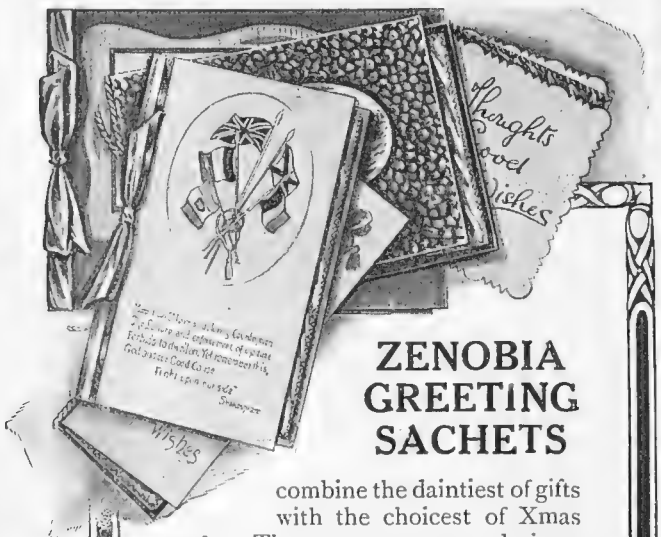
Always Acceptable—a Waterman Pen

Waterman's Fountain Pens have a great reputation—and they deserve it. They represent the maximum of efficiency in workmanship, and give the maximum of ease in writing. Of the three well-known types of their pens—the Regular, the Safety, and the Lever-Pocket Self-Filling, in all of which there is a large range of styles—the makers have just introduced a novel and attractive feature in the case of the two last-named. This is supplying these two makes with regimental badges or ships' crests enamelled in gold in the proper heraldic colours; and one of these pens, so treated, makes an absolutely ideal present for an officer, and will become as trusty and inseparable a friend to him as any of his brothers-in-arms.

(*Continued on page 566*)



THE WATERMAN PEN—ALWAYS POPULAR



ZENOBIA GREETING SACHETS

combine the daintiest of gifts with the choicest of Xmas cards. There are over 100 designs, and within each artistic cover is a Sachet fragrant with Zenobia Perfumes.

The three Zenobia favourites are—

Zenobia Night Scented Stock
Zenobia Lily of the Valley
Zenobia Sweet Pea Blossom

Each Sachet retains its fragrance a full year.

ZENOBIA
TRUE FLOWER PERFUMES

Sachets (from 3d. each) and Zenobia Perfumes of all Chemists, Perfumers, and Stores.

Zenobia, Ltd., Loughborough, Leicestershire.

You can SELL Your FURNITURE for ready money

THE quickest, the most convenient, the *best* way of selling your furniture is to drop a line to DRAGES. An experienced valuer will be promptly sent to your residence or to the place of storage, and the whole transaction carried through without delay or trouble, the cash being handed to you immediately upon its completion.

The valuer's visit costs you nothing, DRAGES defraying all expenses.

DRAGES buy outright fine modern or period furniture, pictures, china, plate, motor cars and similar properties.

DRAGES

(*DAVID DRAGE & SONS, Ltd.*),
230 HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.
'Phone Central 9236.

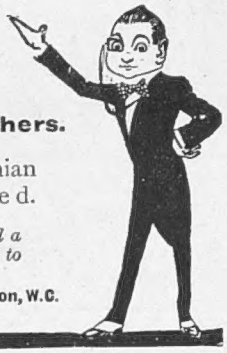
Sellers of good class old English second-hand furniture.

One of Many

From Lieut. ——, R.F.A. L——, Red Cross Hospital: "Will you kindly send me a dozen bottles of your Lutetian Cream. Some time ago, I wrote to you from the front for some and you sent me two bottles out. As you will see, I am now in Hospital, and the fellows in my ward asked me what polish I used on my boots and Sam Browne Belt, and were so taken with the brilliance that I have promised to treat them each to some.

"I have used your cream on all my leather kit and have never seen such a polish in my life. I used it in the Somme push, and although the mud there is something awful, my boots still kept in good condition and I could get them to polish well."

Lutetian Cream



Improves all Brown leathers.

For Black footwear Meltonian Cream is unequalled.

If any difficulty in obtaining, send a card for name of nearest retailer to

E. BROWN & SON, Ltd., 7, Carrick St., London, W.C.

The uses of Luce's

There is no toilet preparation so useful as Luce's Eau-de-Cologne. As a refreshing perfume for the handkerchief for spraying on the face, hands and clothing or as an adjunct to the bath and wash-basin, it is indispensable. As a mouth wash it is delightfully sweetening and purifying. Ladies after shampooing should rinse the hair with warm water to which a little

LUCE'S

ORIGINAL *Jersey* Eau-de-Cologne

has been added. A little diluted with water and sprinkled on the carpets and rugs will prevent rooms getting stuffy.

Famous since the early days of Queen Victoria. Numerous Gold Medals and Highest Awards.

Established Jersey 1837
Prices, 1/3, 2/6, 5/-, 1 /-
Wickers 3/9, 7/-, 13/6

Of Stores, Chemists and Perfumers, also Army & Navy Stores, Barker's, Harrod's, Heppel's, Selfridge's, Whiteley's, etc., or from Luce's, High St., Southampton.

"Eciruam" Reg.

GOWNS FOR ALL OCCASIONS ENTIRELY WITHOUT FASTENERS NO FITTING REQUIRED.

PUT ON AND TAKEN OFF IN A MOMENT

No. 46.

IDEAL FOR

DAY, TEA, DINNER, REST OR BOUDOIR GOWNS

In a great variety of styles and materials from

3½ to 12 Gns.

NEW CATALOGUE POST FREE

Maurice (*Eciruam, Ltd.*)

Simplified Gowns With and Without Fasteners.

43 SOUTH MOLTON STREET LONDON W.
(Near Bond Street Tube.)

The Queen says:

"'ECIRUAM' Maternity Gowns are perfection."

The Watch with the Guarantee

We give a *full individual* guarantee —so confident are we of the marvellous merits of the Limit Watch.

A masterpiece of finished workmanship, the Limit Watch is not simply a case—it is a movement. We make the best Watch that can be made, and it is only possible at the price because of the enormous sales.

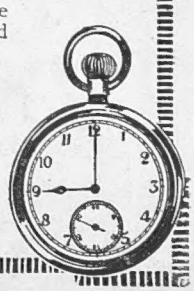
The Limit WATCH

The absolute limit in watch value. May be had as wrist watch for ladies and gentlemen, or as a pocket watch for gentlemen. Prices from One Guinea. Know all about the Limit Watch—it will cost nothing and the knowledge

will save you money

Write for a free copy of our dainty booklet, 'Just about the Limit.' Full of interesting information about watch making in general, and the many varieties of the 'Limit' in particular. Send a postcard now. Write the

LIMIT WATCH DEPOT C4
26, Withy Grove, Manchester.



CHRISTMAS SHOPPING NOTES (continued from page 564)

"State Express" Cigarettes

Tobacco is come at with some difficulty in these days, and what is procurable is often not remarkable for quality; but people who look ahead, like the Ardath Tobacco Company, Ltd., do not feel worried about it. The standard and quality of their "State Express" cigarettes, one of the most popular brands on the market amongst those who appreciate what a good cigarette should be, are, and no doubt will be, fully maintained at the same level of excellence as they were before the war; and smokers who buy them either for themselves or their friends will certainly not regret their outlay.

A FINE SCENT AND SOAP COLLECTION
At Morny's

Essence Mystérieuse

"From Him to Her." The sentence jumps to the lips as one inhales the exquisite fragrance of the great Morny Frères' latest perfume. The woman has yet to be found who can resist the fascination of a gift from Morny's, comprising all the dainty toilet accessories of perfume, *eau de toilette*, bath salts, bath salt tablets, complexion powder, bath dusting powder in keg, crème and Savon *de toilette*, at one fixed price; or each fancy can be had separately. Rightly named is the latest perfume, "Mystérieuse," since it is as elusive as it is provocative. It seems almost as though M. Morny had surpassed all previous efforts in the discreet delicacy of "Mystérieuse," the perfume, as usual, being artistically got up in a handsome crystal bottle.

Music in the Trenches

When the men get out of the trenches for a rest, it is a doubtful point whether they are fonder of a sleep or of a song. Certainly the latter keeps them cheery as hardly anything else does, unless it's an extra rum-ration; and a song with a good chorus is naturally more appreciated than one without. But not every company has an accomplished soloist, and this is where the Decca Gramophone comes in. There is no more popular gramophone in the rest-camps or just behind the fighting line than the "Decca," or even in the dug-outs themselves. It is a small instrument, but it has the power and tone of the most expensive gramophones made; and its price, which ranges from £4 10*s.* to £8 8*s.*, renders it well within the reach of anyone—or, at any rate, a few friends combining their resources—to send out to the men who are doing their fighting for them. No gift will be more thoroughly appreciated.

(*Continued on page 568*)

THE "DECCA" GRAMOPHONE
The soldier's best friend

The Gift of the East to the West

Snake Charmer

Cigarettes

for

Connoisseurs

HIGH CLASS

AROMATIC TURKISH

Per Packet of Ten

BOUQUET 7½d. SIZE

QUEEN 10½d. SIZE

May be obtained at all the branches of Salmon & Gluckstein, Limited, or post free direct from their Warehouse, 2-14, Clarence Street, St Luke's, London E.C.

DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES

You can bring Happiness to the

7,480

Orphan and Destitute Children in these Homes by sending a Christmas Gift of

2/6

"Is it nothing to you all ye that pass by"

The cost of food is steadily increasing.

The Homes are caring for Tommy's Bairns.

*** *Kindly mark Gifts "For Food Bill Fund, per Bystander." Cheques and Orders payable "Dr. Barnardo's Homes," and crossed (Notes should be Registered), may be addressed to the Honorary Director: William Baker, M.A., LL.B., 18 to 26 STEPNEY CAUSEWAY, LONDON, E.*

7,943 Barnardo Boys are serving their country in the Army and Navy and Mercantile Marine.

Pomeroy Day Cream

A fragrant, non-greasy cream, which can be applied, with most refreshing results, any time, any day. Absolutely pure, and nothing in it to encourage growth of superfluous Hair.

In daintyhalf-crown vases, at high-class Chemists, Perfumers, &c.

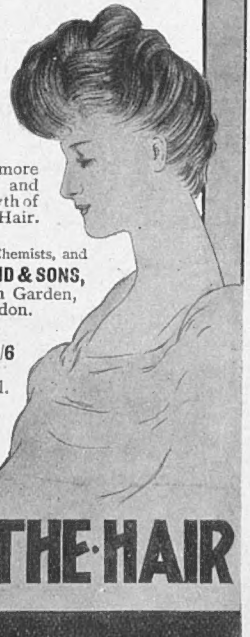
MOTOR MEX SPIRIT

Fashionable MATERNITY WEAR (Self-adjusting)

ROYALTY and SOCIETY patronise our world-renowned Maternity Wear. Every garment preserves normal appearance and is skilfully made to measure. Gown illustrated costs from **35/-**. For designs, patterns and self-measurement form, write Manageress, **WOOD Bros., 18, St. Mary's St.** (*Specialists*) **MANCHESTER.**

·ROWLAND'S· MACASSAR·OIL

Should be used by everybody—**Men** as well as **Ladies** and also for **Children.** It closely resembles the **natural oil** in the **Hair,** which nature provides for its preservation, and without which the **Hair** becomes **Dry,** thin and withered, and Baldness follows. No other preparation for the Hair possesses this **remarkable property.** Sold in a **Golden Colour** for fair hair. It will preserve, strengthen and nourish it, will make it more beautiful, more lustrous, softer, and promote the growth of Fine Silky Hair.



Of Stores, Chemists, and **A. ROWLAND & SONS,** 67, Hatton Garden, London.

Sizes—
3/6 : 7/- : 10/6
equal to four small.

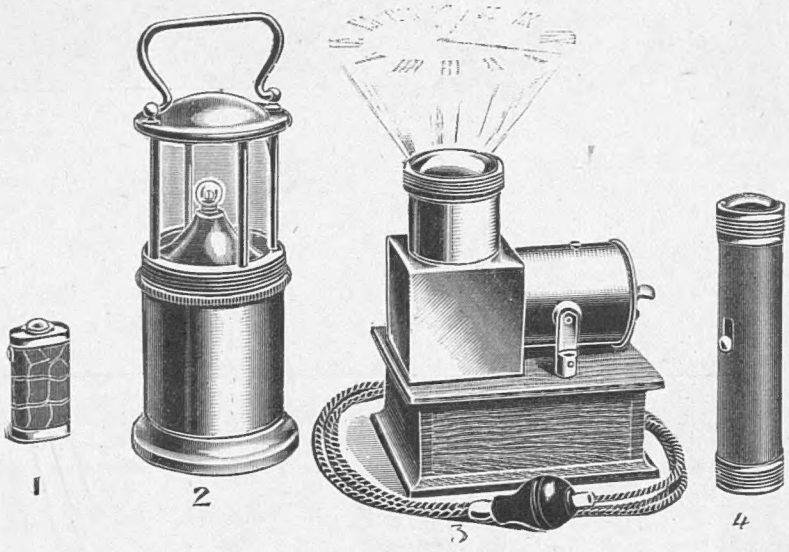
FOR·THE·HAIR

The Regent St. House of PETER ROBINSON LTD.

LONDON, W

Xmas Gift Suggestions

GIVE SOMETHING USEFUL! Some practical article for personal or household use is the right thing to give this Xmas-tide. And you will find that our assortment of Gift-goods offers a wealth of suggestions in just the right kind of goods. Here are examples from the Lamp and Clock Section :—



No. 1.	Pocket Lamp in Lizard or Crocodile - -	**4/6**
No. 2.	Nickel Tent Lamp - - - - -	**12/6**
No. 3.	Ceiling Clock - - - - - -	**30/-**
No. 4.	Torch covered with Morocco Leather -	**5/-**

The Regent Street House of Peter Robinson

THE IDEAL CHRISTMAS GIFT.

SESSEL PEARLS

SESSEL PEARLS are the finest reproductions existing. They are made by a secret and scientific process which imparts to them the same sheen, delicacy of tone, texture, and durability of Genuine Oriental Pearls.

Beautiful Necklet of SESSEL PEARLS in fitted case with 18ct. Gold Clasp, **£4 4 0**
Real Diamond Clasps, with Sessel Pearl, Emerald, Sapphire, or Ruby Centre, from **£2 2 0**
SESSEL PEARL Earrings, Studs, Scarf Pins, Rings, with Solid Gold Mountings, from **£1 10 0**

BROCHURE No. 4 ON REQUEST, POST FREE.
Old Gold, Silver, Diamonds, etc., taken in exchange or purchased for cash.
SESSEL (*Bourne L d.*), **14 & 14a New Bond St., London, W.**
(*Directly opposite Asprey's*)

CHRISTMAS SHOPPING NOTES (continued from page 566)

Another Form of Xmas Present

People, of course, buy Christmas presents (*a*) for themselves and (*b*) for other people whom they know, but there is a third class of people for whom the majority of us don't buy Christmas presents—namely, people we *don't* know. Now, suppose we spend, say, even 10 per cent. of our present-money this year on buying presents for this third class. Ten per cent. isn't much, but it means a great deal to the people we don't know, who can only be got at through various charities. Yet they are the very people who *want* presents more—far more—than those to whom we usually give them. Not books, or teddy-bears, or toys—but food, clothing, and warmth in irreducible terms. At Christmas time we ought to think of them, too, if "Christmas" has any real meaning to us; and I should like to recommend one or two "charities" to the notice of the readers of THE BYSTANDER, in the hope that they will remember those who are "poor and in misery" at the season which means gladness and merriment to so many of us. First of these deserving charities comes

Our Christmas Charities Page

Dr. Barnardo's Homes

This institution really needs no introduction to the sympathies of anyone who cares in the least for children. The vast "family" looked after by these homes grows and grows, and their needs grow with them. The proud motto, "No destitute child ever refused," still holds good; but think for a moment of the cost entailed in providing continually for these thousands of children, and then—send something approaching to your share of the debt the whole country owes the Homes. The Homes make good

A GROUP OF "TOMMY'S BAIRNS"
At one of the Barnardo Country Homes

men and women out of very poor material, and that they inculcate patriotism is pretty well shown by the fact that about 8,000 ex-"Barnardo Boys" are at the present time serving in the Army, the Navy, and the mercantile marine. Eight thousand, too, is the figure of the "family" now "at home," many of them "Tommy's bairns." Whatever subscription you cut down, let Barnardo's stand, or, better still, increase it!

Y.M.C.A.

The familiar triangle of the Y.M.C.A. is to be seen everywhere—at home and abroad—where our soldiers are doing their job, and most splendidly managed these huts are. This Society has nobly seized its opportunity, and it ought to be well supported by everyone who has a friend at the front. Its war emergency work has reached really colossal dimensions, and it is impossible to calculate the amount of comfort, rest, and enjoyment it has given to men who are often in need of all these things. Send your subscriptions to the Hon. Treasurer, 13, Russell Square, W.C.

The Cancer Hospital

The Cancer Hospital (Free), Fulham Road, London, S.W., exists for the free treatment of the necessitous poor suffering from cancer and allied diseases. The Hospital is quite free, neither letters of recommendation nor payment being necessary. A large and fully equipped department for electrical and radium treatments has recently been organised. All this necessitates a large outlay, and the Committee earnestly appeals for assistance to carry on the good work. Subscriptions and donations will be gratefully acknowledged by the Secretary at the Hospital.

(*Continued on page* x)

WRIGHT'S
Coal Tar
SOAP
is now known as the
Soldiers' Soap.

It Soothes, Protects, Heals.

Bournemouth.

Dear Sirs,

I am sending you an extract from my son's letter (he is on active service, somewhere in France). I wrote asking if I should send him vermin powder, and his reply is: "DON'T SEND ANY VERMIN POWDER, THANKS; I USE WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP, THAT'S AS EFFECTIVE AND MUCH MORE PLEASANT." It seems to me a unique and spontaneous tribute to your soap.

Yours truly, S . . . . .

In United Kingdom, **4d.** per Tablet.
In Australia, Canada, India, and British Colonies, **6d.** per Tablet.